6 TEN-POUND MEN CAUGHT. 40 OTHERS ABOUT.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT: "Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced TYPHOID FEVER has disappeared."

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TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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No. 531.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Hemstitched.	per doz.	Hemstitched.	per doz.
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Ladies'	2/3	Gents'	3/11
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929 Butterflies' Barn Dance		Theo. Bonheur
930 La Reine D'Amour. Piano Solo		F. Scott
931 The Lover's Barn Dance		F. Scott
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944 Piping on the Green. Piano Solo		Fabian Scott
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Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9.

IT TOUCHES THE SPOT.

A stronger form is also prepared as an

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NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

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A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either Cloth (6 yards, 52 inches wide) for 7/6; carriage, 8d.

Colours: Black, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Fawn, Khaki, Grey, and Royal Blue.

Sizes in Stock of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 in. round bust (under arms); waists, 24, 26, and 28 in.; skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Any other size made to measure, 1/6 extra.

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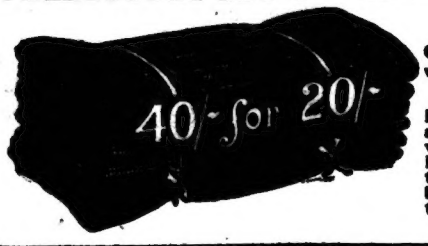

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Every Remnant clean, straight and of serviceable length, with at least one full Dress Length of High Quality. Customers who purchase these bundles usually write to say they are worth at least twice the price charged.

THE JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves and pocket.

Lengths and Prices:

21	24	27 in.
1/6	2/-	2/6 ea.
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Model 255. Fashionable Coat and Skirt. The smartest Half-Guinea Design before the Public. Consists of double-breasted Tailor-fashioned Coat, round collar, cuffs, and edge with White or Black as desired. Skirt of latest shape with box pleat back. Produced in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Price 10/6 complete; carr., 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carr., 5d. extra. **10/6**

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Model 20. Neat and serviceable Costume Coating or Serge. Well-cut Bodice, front and back, latest design. Price **10/6**. Costume, 10/6; carr. Skirt alone, 5/6; carr.

The New Autumn Fashion Catalogue is now ready, and will be sent Post Free to any reader of "Pearson's Weekly." Special Values in Dress and Drapery Goods of all kinds.

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Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. & J. B. Fraser, of Princes Street, Ipswich (established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit you by return of post the utmost value; or, if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference necessary, apply to Messrs. Bacon and Co., Bankers, Ipswich.

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Make your own Cigarette, Sir; it is twice as good.

Cigarette Paper **A.G.** Best × Purest

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN

HAIR DESTROYED.

Send me an envelope (stamped and addressed) and I will tell you how to remove all superfluous hair free of charge. (Send no money).—Address, in confidence, Miss E. L. (Room 3), 168 Oxford Street, London, W.

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Gentleman (cured himself) will send free particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment. Stamped address.—(Box 25), 59 Castle Street, Carlisle.

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Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 12 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample.

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Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation, or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free, three stamps.

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If not obtainable in your district, we send, carriage paid,

30 FORESTER QUEENS, OR
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On receipt of P.O. for 1/-, together with our Price List and Pamphlet on Cigars, their Manufacture and Cost.

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PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.

RITCHIE'S MUSICAL INDICATOR enables anyone entirely ignorant of the Piano, Organ, to play beautifully by ear, and vamp to songs in one week. 100,000 sold. Every customer delighted. 1/3.

W. RITCHIE, 48 RADNOR DRIVE, HOYLAKE, CHESHIRE.

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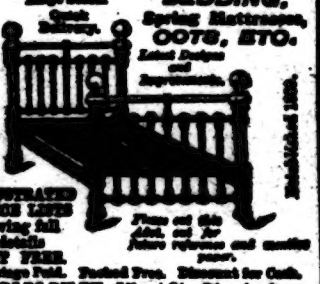
50 Every Description.

DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY.

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

BEDDING, Spring Mattresses, COTS, ETC.



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Carriage Paid. Packed Free. Discount for Cash.

CHARLES RILEY, Albert St., Birmingham.

Formerly manufactured for the trade, but now distributed to the public direct.

UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

The "BRIANCE."

In the two years [illegible] been before the [illegible] sands have been [illegible] through Great Britain, Colonies, and foreign quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders daily received.

It is a combination of perfection in cut and [illegible] with lowness in price [illegible] found in an article [illegible] ONE TRIAL SUFFICES.

QUALITY

No. 1.—"THE BRIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and front. A wonderful shirt. 26 [illegible] 14/6 per half-dozen.

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No 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for [illegible] wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button [illegible] Sample free by post, 2/9, or 21/6 per [illegible]

Also "THE CITY EVENING SHIRT," with linen front, one stud-hole, and large cuffs, [illegible] price, 2/9 each.

WHEN ORDERING, MENTION SIZE OF NECK BAND AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

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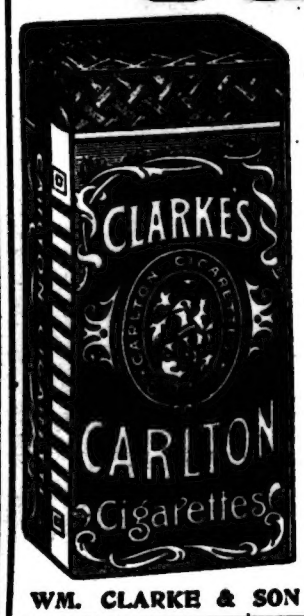
Clarke's Carlton Cigarettes



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Guaranteed Highest Quality.

Clarke's Carlton Tobacco.

MILD, MEDIUM, & FULL.

Sweet, but not sweetened.

WM. CLARKE & SON Limited, LIVERPOOL and LONDON

THE FAMOUS "MAB" DWARF RAZOR

The description given of the little "MAB" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed by thousands of testimonials. The "MAB" is rapidly supplanting the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark, "The MAB," or you will be disappointed. PRICE:

Black handle	2/6
Ivory	3/6
PAIR IN CASE, Black ...	7/6
" " Ivory ...	8/6

Sent post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO., 13 Newhall Street, BIRMINGHAM.

40/- SUIT FOR 15/3

As an advertisement offer, we will make any reader a Gentleman's Durable Cloth Lounge Suit—to order—wholesale price to you 15/3, carriage free (worth 40/-). Some customers think this offer too good to be true, until they get the Suit, then we receive their letters of delight by the hundreds. If you, reader, are interested in saving money, as you should be, simply write a post-card to

Manager, Pattern Department,

THE VI CLOTHING CO.,
Grainger Street,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

and ask for Patterns, tape measure, and particulars, which you need not return; they cost you nothing, and will certainly save you pounds in tailors' bills. We also make gentlemen's Beaver Overcoats to order for 15/3.

Established for the People, 1880.

Cut this offer out as it may not appear again.

"Vi-Cocoa is a Very Palatable Beverage OF GREAT STIMULATING AND SUSTAINING PROPERTIES."

—British Medical Journal.

Well, what did you think of the first number of "THE CURIOSITY SHOP"? Whatever you thought, we're sure you'll think the second number even a better one.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST & TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Sept. 14th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, Sept. 22nd, 1900. For full particulars see page 172.

No. 531.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1900 ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

MAMMA: "What are you playing with, darling?"

Darling: "With a caterpillar and two little kitten-pillars, mother, dear."

"WILLIE," said his mother, "are you making the baby cry?"

"No'm," replied the boy; "I'm holdin' my hand over her mouth to make her stop."

"Now, if I were only an ostrich," began the mean man at the breakfast table, as he picked up a piece of home-made bread, "then I——"

"Yes," interrupted the patient better-half, "then I might get a few feathers for that old hat I've worn for three winters."

THE POST OFFICE AGAIN.

A FEW months ago a number of the Norwich streets were renamed because of there existing in different parts of the city more than one street of the same name.

This resulted in confusion for all and sundry, postmen included.

Being perplexed the postmaster one day called into his private office one postman after another to ask:

"Where is Crown Road?"

Even the oldest man on the staff did not know.

Judge of the surprise of all when it was found out that one side of the G.P.O. at the very time had "Crown Road" affixed to it.

"PRAY FOR US."

IT was at a concert held in the village school-house. In the chair was a local merchant who, though a good business man, was not much of a scholar. He intimated that the next song would be "Ora Pro Nobis."

The singer made a terrible mess of it, and consequently it was a great relief to the audience when she had finished the last verse.

The Chairman did not know the meaning of "Ora Pro Nobis," so he applied to the man sitting next to him.

He also did not know that it meant "Pray for Us," but not wishing to admit such a thing, he said:

"Oh, it means—we thank you."

There was a great burst of laughter from the audience when the Chairman, as the lady was leaving the platform, rose to his feet and said:

"Miss Smith, 'Ora Pro Nobis.'"

NOT THE ONE THEY WANTED.

SOME time ago a coach full of holiday makers was ready for starting.

A pretty girl, as pretty as you could wish to see, came up and inquired:

"Is there room for one?"

"No," said the coachman.

"What a lovely damsel!" exclaimed one passenger.

"Perfect!" lisped another.

"You can surely make room for one," pleaded the girl.

"Impossible, miss," replied the coachman, "without the gentlemen's consent."

"Lots of room!" cried some of the insiders.

"We are not very large, we can manage with another," said others to the coachman.

"All right," responded he.

The fare was paid, and the guard opened the door and let down the steps.

"Now, miss, be quick, we're behind time," said the guard.

"Come along, grandmother," cried the damsel, addressing a respectable looking old woman, "the gentlemen have made room for you," and she assisted her inside.

"Here's a mistake; you'll squeeze us to death!" cried some of the holiday seekers.

But at that moment the coach rattled away at its best pace and drowned the voices of the crestfallen pleasure-seekers.

All rights reserved.]

ONCE IN A WHILE.

ONCE in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt
Faith's fairest stars come peeping through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile;
And we lay aside our cross of care,
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We feel the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend.
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower oft kissed with dew,
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen.
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold,
Once in a while.

The New Catch-Phrase.

HAVE YOU GOT THAT TEN POUND NOTE?

Read about the Ten-Pound Ladies on page 171.

WHAT STEPS?

SOME little time ago a number of constables were assembled at New Scotland Yard for the purpose of being examined in matters relating to police duty previous to being appointed to the rank of sergeant.

The following question was asked a candidate by a member of the examining board:

"You are on duty in the vicinity of a menagerie, and you are informed that a lion has broken loose and roaming about the streets. What steps would you take?"

"Mighty long steps, sir!" replied the constable, much to the amusement of the other members of the board.

A GLAZIER must have his glass before beginning his day's work.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (to applicant for a place): "What wages do you expect?"

Modern Servant: "I suppose, madam, you refer to my salary?"

"Do you think I will have any difficulty in learning to float, George?" she asked.

"No, indeed," he replied enthusiastically, "why, with a little practice I'm sure you could fly."

LITTLE WILLIE: "Pa, is ma a microbe?"

Mr. Henpeck: "Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?"

Little Willie: "Well, the teacher told us that baldness was caused by a microbe."

HE: "Do you think a fellow ought to be locked up for stealing kisses?"

She: "N-no, hardly. But I think he ought to be tied up."

So now they're engaged.

YOUNG WIFE: "I took great pains with that cucumber salad, John, and I hope you enjoyed it."

Husband (anxiously): "I'm afraid, my dear, that I took great pains with it, too."

A LADY school-teacher in one of the Board Schools in Salford was endeavouring to make clear to her young pupils' minds the meaning of the word "slowly." She walked across the room in the manner the word indicates.

"Now, children, tell me how I walked."

One little fellow who sat near the front of the room almost paralysed her by blurting out:

"Bow-legged!"

PATHETIC.

A COUNTRY farmer in a Scottish village late one night saw a dark figure come along the road and climb up and peer into the lighted upper window of a cottage for a long time. Then he descended and the farmer stepped forth from the shadow and demanded:

"What are you doing here?"

He saw that the man was a Highland soldier.

"That's ma mither's cottage," said the soldier, hoarsely. "I'm under orders for the Cape and got an hour's leave to bid ma mither fareweel. I heard that a shock wad kill her, sae I daur na show mysel', but could amly keek in at her through the window. I maun gang or I'll lose ma train. Fareweel!"

"Fareweel!" returned the farmer, drawing his handerchief from his sleeve and wiping his eyes.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

"WELL," said the red-nosed man, sitting in a suburban train the other evening, and bringing a podgy forefinger down on his knee for emphasis, "well, speaking of shuffling off this mortal coil at a ripe age, this instance of longevity is hard to beat, I fancy. My grandmother died at the advanced age of one hundred and two."

He paused and looked round with a smile of satisfaction.

"That's nothing," said the melancholy individual with the funereal air, "that's nothing. I had a great-grandfather who died at two hundred and two."

A silence fell, while the red-nosed man glared about like a desperado in a play.

"Bosh! Do you mean to insinuate that your great-grandfather died at two hundred and two?" he snorted at length.

"Yes," was the grim reply, "two hundred and two, Mornington Crescent."

THE BITER BIT.

A WELSH collier having built himself a house in the country, wished to have a holly-hedge round it "like the gentry," so he and his son rose before dawn and proceeding to a private plantation, quietly annexed as much holly as they could carry.

When they neared their own house they heard low voices.

"Plissmans!" whispered the son in guilty terror, and he and his sire crouched down outside the hedge which surrounded their garden.

"They are in the garden, too. Stop quiet by 'ere till they go," whispered the father.

Presently they saw two dark figures emerge from their garden, and steal away into the dim light of early morning.

With sighs of relief the holly stealers rose from their concealment, and, picking up their spoil, went into their garden, which they found strewn with rhubarb leaves. With a yell the elder man bounded to his rhubarb patch. It was stripped bare!

"Not plissmans it wass!" he roared in indignation, "but owld thiefs stealin' my rhubarb! Oh, there's wickedness! Stealin' a poor man's rhubarb!"

But what about the holly?

It isn't often you have the opportunity of getting £10 given you by simply asking for it. Hence, don't miss this chance.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.]

The Rajah's Ring.

By Hubert Bastlente.

To many persons living in and about the metropolis, the late Earl of Ullesmere's magnificent mansion will be well-known.

To those to whom it is not familiar it will suffice for the purposes of the story to state that, even in Park Lane—that abode of millionaires—both for size and architectural beauty it stands alone. And during the Earl's lifetime, at least, it was commonly affirmed that the gems, for which the house served as a casket, were worthy of the casket itself.

By gems, it is not meant to convey the idea of old masters, valuable curios, and rare furniture, but the word can be taken literally. In brief, the Ullesmere jewels, which, contrary to all discretion, the Countess insisted on keeping about her, were famous throughout Europe.

After the loss of the Rajah's ring, however, which was at once the most rare and valuable gem of the collection, they were handed over to the care of the Earl's bankers.

The ring referred to had been the gift of the Rajah of Brahmapootra to General Haviland West, an ancestor of the Countess, and a once distinguished officer in the pay of the East India Company.

The work of a surprisingly clever native workman, to whom both time and cost of material had evidently been a matter of no moment, it consisted entirely of precious stones, without addition of metal of any kind. The centre of an enormous diamond of the purest water had been cut away, and the circle which resulted fashioned into the representation of a serpent. To this had been attached a flawless pigeon-blood ruby, with emerald eyes, forming the head of the reptile—the stones being dove-tailed so perfectly into one another that only by the difference of colour was their point of junction discernable; the whole forming a jewel in itself worth a considerable fortune.

Strange as it may seem, no members of the light-fingered fraternity had hitherto attempted to deprive the Countess of these valuable heirlooms. Therefore, when the attempt was made, in the November of 1895, it came near to, as one of the thieves afterwards expressed it, "me and Bill making a clean sweep of the whole caboodle."

That the raid was not entirely successful was due to the perspicuity of a police constable who happened to be on duty in the lane at the time.

This officer, who fortunately for Lord and Lady Ullesmere was blessed with more acumen than his fellows, while patrolling past the house, observed what appeared to be a bill-poster's cart, standing outside the entrance gate. The horse was in charge of a small boy, and everything appeared correct about the vehicle, which bore the name of a well-known advertising firm, and was equipped with all the implements of the calling—paste can, brushes, and short ladder—even to a roll of bills lying in the body of the cart.

But the evening was exceedingly foggy, making bill-sticking a feat to the last degree difficult, while Park Lane was a curious place for a bill-poster's cart to be standing, and the officer's suspicions were aroused.

He asked the boy for whom he was waiting, and the answer was: "For father! He's gone ter see sister 'Liza, she's a servant there!"

The reply was so far satisfactory, but the policeman was, in his way, a student of physiognomy, and he felt convinced that the urchin was lying. So with a stern mandate to take the cart lower down, he seized the opportunity of the boy's back being turned, to slip through the gate, which he found ajar.

As he approached the house he was rewarded by seeing a tall ladder reaching to one of the upper windows, while through the Venetians of the dining-room he observed the family at dinner.

Satisfied that his suspicions were well founded, he hastily ascended the ladder, which communicated, as he had anticipated, with Lady Ullesmere's dressing-room.

He arrived just in time to disturb two white-coated individuals in the act of going through her ladyship's jewel-case. A desperate struggle ensued, terminating in the constable being overpowered and both the thieves, dropping their spoil in their haste, made a wild rush for the window.

Presumably the ladder was not adapted to bear a double weight, for it was of the telescopic kind, and suddenly snapped in the middle, precipitating both the fugitives to the ground.

It was at this moment that circumstances connected with my profession took me past the house, and on hearing the crash—followed by a cry of agony—I entered with the intention of proffering my services. I found the one man stone dead, death having apparently been caused by dislocation of the spinal vertebræ—commonly known as broken neck—while the other was suffering acutely from a contused wound in the skull, accompanied by a fractured collar-bone.

My examination was scarcely completed before I was joined by the constable, followed by Lord and Lady Ullesmere and the rest of the household. From the Countess I learnt that everything had been recovered with the exception of the gem of the collection—the Rajah's ring.

Questioned by the constable, the survivor, who seemed thoroughly cowed, declared that he had last seen the jewel in the possession of his dead confederate, to which statement he adhered later at his trial. But the vigorous search which was immediately made—the munificent reward offered by the Earl, and the after investigations of Great Scotland Yard, were alike fruitless.

One night in the following month I had sat up late, reading up data for the treatment of an uncommon case I had under my care, when a ring came at the surgery bell. It was well on towards the small hours, and as my servants had long since retired, I answered the ring myself.

A tall figure was standing in the doorway, silhouetted out against a background of yellow fog—for the sulphurous haze which had descended upon the city in November seemed loth to have us, this night in particular being one of the most distressing my wide experience of London fogs had ever brought me acquainted with.

"Are you a medical man?"

"I am! What can I do for you?"

"That is all right, then. Thanks to this confounded fog, I was not sure I had hit upon the right house," and, casting a furtive look into the street, the man closed the door.

I glanced at my visitor curiously, and with something of alarm, for there were many questionable characters living in the neighbourhood.

The result was not satisfactory.

My caller's figure was effectually hidden by a heavy frieze coat, with an extraordinarily deep collar turned well up over his ears; while his upper features were lost in the depths of a yachting cap, jammed down over his brows, till the peak rested upon the bridge of his nose.

"I hope you are satisfied with your inspection," he said haughtily, noting my scrutiny.

"Scarcely. Please tell me your business," and by a retrograde movement I attempted to draw him within the ray of light which streamed from the open door of my dining-room.

The ruse was not successful, for he remained where he was, in the deep shadow of the hall door. The shortness of my reply did not seem to give offence, for he answered this time courteously enough:

"There is nothing to be alarmed at. I have neither come to rob the house nor murder its inmates. I merely require your professional services for a friend, who has unfortunately met with an accident."

"What is the nature of the accident, and where does your friend reside?" I said.

"To tell you the truth, I scarcely know. I have not seen him myself; but, from his wife, who requested me to seek medical aid, I gathered that he had been cleaning a fire-arm of some description, and that the weapon, which was believed to be unloaded, suddenly exploded, lodging its contents in my friend's body. It will therefore be necessary for you to bring your instruments. The house is within a short distance—14 Coronation Terrace."

The address was a thoroughly respectable one, but I was not satisfied.

"You had better call in someone else," I said. "I do not care to go out again to-night, and there are two or three medical men nearer at hand."

He was evidently prepared for this.

"Will this tempt you?" producing a £10 note, adding, as he noted my hesitation, "and a like sum should your operation prove successful. It is a terrible night to drag you out, but I have a cab outside."

The money was a sore temptation, for my practice was not a lucrative one; and though his story rang false, I did not see that any harm could come to me personally.

"Very well; I will come."

"Thanks! There is the first half of your fee."

As I took the note I noticed a peculiar mark, or rather scar, upon the man's right hand, which, thanks to my previous experience as an Army surgeon, I was able to identify as that of a bullet wound.

Somewhat relieved at the discovery, as I concluded therefrom that my visitor was an Army man, I stepped into the surgery, and slipping my instrument case into my bag—at the same time taking the precaution of placing the bank note in a place of safety—announced myself as ready to accompany him.

He immediately stepped outside and gave a shrill whistle, at which a vehicle—not a cab, but a well-appointed brougham, with, so far as I could judge in the dim light, a remarkably good-looking animal between its shafts—drove up. A man, muffled up in a voluminous coat, rapidly descended from the box, threw open the door, and hurried me and my companion inside. The door was as rapidly banged to, and the horse started off at a pace which, under the circumstances, was dangerous in the extreme.

Considering the speed at which we were travelling, ten minutes at the most should have brought us to our journey's end. But three times that space of time elapsed, and still the horse trotted on.

"It appears to me your coachman has mistaken his way," I ventured at length, after endeavouring fruitlessly to peer through the window.

My companion deigned no reply.

I repeated the remark, but no answer came, only with cool insolence he struck a match, and calmly lit a cigar. By the flickering light of the vesta—for there was no light in the carriage, I saw his eyes fixed threateningly upon me, and both nettled and alarmed I sprang to my feet, intending to open the door, and question the driver.

"Be good enough to keep your seat!" and with a firm hand he thrust me back upon the cushions.

Furious at the fellow's insolence, I was once more springing up, when a cold something, which I had no difficulty in deciding was the muzzle of a revolver, was placed against my forehead.

"Keep your seat, Doctor, or take the consequences!"

"This is an outrage. Open that door instantly, or I will hand you over to the police."

"You can stretch your lungs if you feel that way," was the contemptuous reply. "There is no fear of anyone hearing you through this fog, to say nothing of the pace we're travelling at.

"You have agreed to perform a certain task, and received part payment in advance. Yet you now wish to repudiate your engagement, and consider yourself treated badly because I refuse to allow you to do so."

There was a certain amount of truth in what he said, and I had left the £10 note at home; I could not obey the impulse that was in me to hurl it in his face, so remained silent. My patience did not receive a much longer trial, for shortly the vehicle stopped, and my captor—for in that light I had grown to consider him—grasped me firmly by the arm, and said: "Here we are, Doctor! Do me the favour of getting out!"

Stepping from the carriage, I found myself at the foot of a high wall, against which was reared a light ladder, which I was as politely requested to ascend.

"There is no great drop on the other side," he concluded, "but let yourself down gently, or you may do yourself some damage against the stones."

The advice was good; yet at the first step I collided with one of them—a stone which reached breast high.

"Not hurt, I hope?" came from behind, and in reply to my grumbling rejoiner: "Better give me your hand. There are plenty more of those fellows about here."

This fact I had no difficulty in believing, for I recognised, by the unevenness of the ground under my feet, that we were picking our way across a graveyard.

We had not gone far when my guide paused, as if uncertain of his bearings.

"Stop a minute!" he said; "let's see where we are," and placing a dog whistle to his lips he blew a shrill call.

"Is that you, sir?" came a cautious voice out of the mist from somewhere close at hand.

"Yes. Show a light, please."

In reply a dark lantern shone out almost at our feet, dimly illuminating a scene from which I shrank with a cry of horror.

Before me was an open grave, while beside it, resting on the mound of earth newly thrown up, was a coffin, with two men, who, like him at my side, were unrecognisable in their mufflers, then in the act of prizing open the lid. As the exclamation escaped me, one of the resurrectionists with an oath, leapt to his feet, and clasping his hand across my mouth, peered suspiciously into the gloom.

"That will do," said my guide. "The medical gentleman was only a little surprised, and no one is likely to disturb us to-night. There is the friend of whom I spoke, Doctor," as my assailant, growling angrily, returned to his task, and removed the coffin lid, exposing a man of about fifty years of age.

"I can do nothing for him," I cried aghast. "The man has been dead for some weeks."

"For him, no! But for me, yes!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Doctor," was the calm reply, "that our friend there"—indicating the corpse—"placed such value upon a certain article, that in order to hide its whereabouts from certain curious persons, he swallowed it. Will you kindly endeavour to find it?"

"What was it?" I asked.

"It was not particularly small. As a matter of fact, it was a ring—so I should suggest you try the throat first," and the speaker fingered his revolver negligently. My whole soul revolted at this desecration, but alone with the three miscreants, and with that ready revolver before my eyes, I recognised the danger of refusal, and with trembling fingers, I opened my bag, and selecting the instruments I needed, commenced operations.

Fortunately, for soon my nerves would have made the ghastly work impossible to me, almost at the first incision my dissecting knife struck a hard substance, imbedded in the muscles of the throat.

At the faint "chink," an exultant "ah" came from the watching trio.

"Have you found it, Doctor?" asked the tall stranger, his voice for the first time betraying excitement.

For answer I took my forceps, and withdrew a something which, in the light of the lantern, threw out brilliant coruscations of colours.

Although I had never set eyes on it before, I recognised it instantly. It was the Rajah's ring!

But I was not permitted to gaze upon it long. At the cry of admiration which came from his confederates the tall stranger snatched it from me, and thrust it into his pocket.

"Your task is ended, Doctor," he said. "If you will follow me, I will conduct you to the carriage."

* * * * *

Early next morning I presented myself before the Earl, and related my adventure.

"And how do you account for the presence of the jewel in the man's throat?" he asked.

"The explanation is simple," I replied. "The thief, aware that he would require the full use of his hands in his hurried descent of the ladder, and fearing that the ring would suffer damage in his pocket, thrust it in his mouth. When the ladder gave way under him, in the convulsive effort which he would doubtless have made to save himself, the ring slipped into his throat, its further progress into the stomach being stayed by the accident which immediately befell him."

"Quite so! Your theory is without doubt correct! And these other gentry, with whom you had your unpleasant experience last night, having read the account of the affair in the papers, jumped to the same conclusion as yourself, and entrapped you into aiding them. I see it all! But what a pity you are unable to suggest any means, by which they may be identified."

"It is not impossible!" I cried, "if the police can hear of a man of more than average height, with a somewhat distinguished mien, and the mark of an old bullet wound on the right hand they will not be far wrong."

The Earl betrayed signs of intense agitation.

"What do you say? The mark of a bullet on the right hand? Are you sure? Quite sure?"

"Positive," I replied. "In fact, I believe I could identify the man in spite of his disguise, if we met again."

He covered his face with his hands for a few moments, and when he removed them he had aged perceptibly.

"You will do me a great favour by forgetting the circumstance—the whole circumstance—at least," with a sigh, "while I live. And unless you will consent to accept this," hastily scrawling a cheque for a substantial sum, "I shall consider myself your debtor."

I gave the required promise, which I have kept religiously until now, when the event which unsealed my lips has taken place; but I still wonder why the promise was exacted!

Shopkeepers should keep a copy of "P.W." on their counters. The Ten Pound Men will visit shops of all sorts.

BRIDES WHO DON'T KNOW THEY'RE MARRIED.

GIRLS WHO MARRY WHEN THEY ARE HYPNOTISED.

MANY daughters have been urged into lunatic marriages by monetary parents, but few have consented to love, honour and obey with their eyes quite closed.

An Austrian girl, having resented the advances of her beau time after time, surprised her friends by finally permitting the engagement to be announced. The parents were delighted, and it was whispered abroad that they had threatened to discard her if she refused so desirable a partner. She was seen to walk abroad with her handsome suitor in a listless sort of lethargy, exchanging mere greetings with old-time friends, and appearing generally unhappy.

Everything was to be done in grand style, and scores of guests were invited to the ceremony. Gowns of triumph made in Paris were to habit bride and attending maids alike, and a small fortune in floral decorations was cheerfully squandered. Yet, amid all these preparations, the heroine displayed not the slightest interest; and even her bosom friends, who expected to distinguish themselves as bridesmaids, failed to rouse her to life and activity. Neither did she revive in the presence of her intended husband, except, as was noticed, when he addressed her sharply, or stared directly in her face. Then she seemed to live, obeying his commands with smiles and unnatural brightness; but the metamorphosis was of brief duration.

The wedding, voted a great success, was witnessed by thousands within and without the church. The lady, however, was not responsible for her proceedings, being under the hypnotic influence of her partner, and impelled through some mystic prompting to act exactly according to his demands; to prove which she had betrayed a most bitter hatred, even months before the marriage, towards a former *fiancé*, whom once she had positively worshipped.

Frightened into a union with an odious but wealthy solicitor, a young lady, under the former's mesmeric potencies, not only revealed intense dislike for parents and friends, but attached her signature to valuable papers, thus consigning property to her husband's children, each of whom were her seniors.

Bitter were the lamentations of the girl's parents, justly punished for favouring the widower's advances, and forcing their daughter into accepting him. Her conduct to them was inexplicable, and after marriage she went abroad, her whereabouts being kept strictly secret; nor would her husband serve to enlighten them. Not until she died did they learn that her unnatural conduct was the result of hypnotism, under which sway she lost reason, dying in an asylum within a year of the marriage. The body restored to the old people was buried in the family vault; in the meantime the scoundrels removed their quarters, the proceeds of the property safely in their clutches.

Entertaining very peculiar notions with regard to religion and marriage, an independent gentleman, believed to be a little crazy by the villagers, delivered his daughter into the care of a professor of hypnotism, who, aware of the father's wealth, played a masterly hand to secure the girl in marriage.

With the parent it was a light matter—he believed the young fellow to be his daughter's kindred spirit, and intreated her to seriously consider his advice. Refractory at first, she soon fell victim to the magnetic presence; the wedding was celebrated, and the handsome dowry once in his possession, the new-made wife found herself deserted in Paris. Incoherent as was her tale, the officials succeeded in tracing the father to whom she was restored.

A strange incident hails from Belgium. An English girl, engaged to a Brussels gentleman, was thrown much in the company of an Italian musician, who fell deeply in love with her during the absence of her *fiancé*. He (the Italian) gained her affections through mesmeric aid; there was a law-suit of an interesting character, the musician being compelled to restore the girl to her normal state or suffer the penalties of crime. The true *fiancé* married his lady shortly afterwards, and the Italian shot himself.

"NEVER mind, old man," said the successful suitor, "'there's a girl in the world for us all,' you know."

"I know," replied the fellow who had been jilted; "but, hang it all, we all want the same girl."

"MY necktie is disarranged," Sherlock Holmes, Jr., suddenly exclaimed.

His companion looked at him and said:

"How do you know? You haven't felt it, and there is no mirror here that you could have looked into. Sometimes, Mr. Holmes, I am almost forced, in spite of your declarations that you do these things by reasonable human processes, to believe that you must be gifted with second sight. Now, what has convinced you that your necktie is disarranged?"

"I noticed a man look at my tie just now and then feel his own," the great detective answered.

"Wonderful! Wonderful! Only your tie isn't disarranged."

No Use Paying Twice.

AN Irishman entered a country inn and called for a glass of the best Irish whisky.

After being supplied, he drank it and was about to walk out when the following conversation took place:

Landlord: "Here, sir, you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman: "What's that you say?"

Landlord: "I said you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman: "Did you pay for it?"

Landlord: "Of course I did."

Irishman: "Well, thin, what's the good of both of us paying for it?"

The Broker's Ejection.

"Now then, why isn't this house closed?" demanded the constable of the publican whose place of business he found open after hours.

"There's a man here," replied the innkeeper meekly, "who refuses to leave. I can't get him out anyhow."

"I'll soon see to that," retorted the policeman, and marching into the house he seized the intruder and quickly jerked him outside while the landlord promptly shut and barred the door.

"Now then," growled the constable sternly eyeing the offender, "who are you that you should stay and guzzle after hours, I should like to know?"

"Who am I?" spluttered the man. "You may well ask, you interfering, bandy-legged bluebottle. A pretty mess you've made of it, you stupid. I'm the broker's man!"

Why There Were No Complaints.

THE men of one of our artillery regiments are given to making frivolous and unnecessary complaints when mustered on parade. Their commanding officer recently silenced them in an ingenious manner.

The Sergeant-Major, awaiting the Major on parade, met him with the familiar salute:

"Sir, I believe there are complaints to be made in respect of beer and cheese."

The Major, wanting to fulfil his own private engagements, could not stop to listen.

"Sergeant-Major," said he, "let the men parade in their forage caps, and I will see them at the same time."

On looking down the ranks he remarked to the Sergeant-Major:

"Follow me, and fit those chin-straps. There you are, bombadier, if you were to get into a gallop you would strangle yourself. Take his chin-strap up four holes. And you, Gunner Atkins, ten times worse, take his up six," and so on all down the ranks.

After the inspection, the Major, with a wink at the Sergeant-Major, said:

"Any complaints, men?"

The men, having their jaws tightened up to the greatest pitch, were perforce silent.

"I dismiss the parade," said the Major. "Very satisfactory!"

Very Little Atkins After All.

ALTHOUGH the name of Tommy Atkins is so popularly associated with our soldiers, yet throughout the "Army List" not a single Thomas Atkins appears.

And, further, there is not an Atkins at all amongst the generals, colonels, majors, or officers of lower staff appointments.

In respect to commissioned ranks the cavalry has no Atkins; the artillery is without Atkins; the engineers own no Atkins. There is not a doctor Atkins in the Royal Army Medical Corps, nor a parson Atkins in the list of chaplains.

In the Militia's long roll of officers Atkins is absent, nor yet present amongst the holders of commissions in the Yeomanry.

Of the considerable number of men who have risen from the ranks there is no Atkins between the covers of the "Army List," and of the records bearing upon South Africa's present heroes who are living, and the brave dead beneath the veld the name of Atkins has indeed rarely been noticed.

The officer holding the Army's senior Atkins' honours is Captain W. Atkins, of the Duke of Edinburgh's (Wiltshire) Regiment, whilst Captain A. R. C. Atkins, of the Army Service Corps is the only other regular officer on the active list named Atkins.

The Volunteers can claim six holders of commissions named Atkins—three times the number of Atkinses possessing such rank in the regulars.

One regiment, the 18th Volunteer Battalion of the Leicesters, has the unique distinction of two Atkinses on its commissioned roll—Captain E. C. Atkins and Second-Lieutenant H. P. Atkins.

Considering the very few Atkinses in the "Army List," the Leicestershire regiment is to be congratulated upon owning two gallant bearers of so honoured, but yet actually so unusual, a name in our Army's records.

CRISP NOTES

(But Not Ten Pound Ones.)

THE Gurkha Rifles were formed in 1815.

THE Royal Naval Reserve was formed in 1859.

THE lance is the lightest and longest of all weapons.

THERE were soldier settlers in Westralia fifty years ago.

ONE-FIFTEENTH of the inhabitants of Spain are nobles.

OF every 1,000 sailors, eighty-four have rheumatism every year.

NO medal was granted for the capture of the Cape of Good Hope.

THE medal for the best shot in the Army was abolished in 1883.

IN Germany a clock has been made that is warranted to go for 9,000 years.

THE *Terrible* was the last British paddle warship, the *Warrior* our first ironclad.

IT has been observed in the hospitals that nails on amputated fingers continue to grow.

NO picture is hung on the walls of the Louvre, in Paris, until the artist has been dead ten years.

THE Queen popularised the primrose by attaching to the Beaconsfield wreath the simple sentiment, "His Favourite Flower."

UNDER British rule the cotton crop of Egypt has doubled, and now amounts to over five hundred million pounds weight a year.

DURING the present century, four hundred human lives, £25,000,000, and two hundred ships have been lost in fruitless efforts to find the North Pole.

THE ocean, it is estimated, contains 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and if it could be taken out at once, the level of the water would not drop an inch.

THERE are 60,000 policemen in Great Britain. Of these England has 41,332; Scotland, 4,744; Ireland, 12,165; Wales, 1,283; the Isle of Man, 52.

SWITZERLAND, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, produces more books than any other country, the proportion being one book to every 3,000 Swiss.

PEACHES are not dear in Buenos Ayres. Peach trees are often grown for fuel, and there are so many peaches in some sections that they are used for fattening pigs.

PETTY officers and seamen of the Navy, on being pensioned for length of service, may, if under forty-five years of age, be enrolled in the Seamen Pensioner Reserve.

THE 21st Baluchistan Battalion (Bombay Light Infantry) wear a picturesque uniform of dark green tunic, red trousers, scarlet facings, black lace, and green puggaree.

VEGETABLES are usually sold in piles in Buenos Ayres, so that you have to measure quantity as well as quality by the eye; and butchers sell their meat by the chunk or cut rather than by weight.

IN Germany it is considered necessary that a child should "go up" before it goes down in the world, so it is carried upstairs as soon as born. In case there are no stairs, the nurse mounts a table or chair with the infant.

THE pavement in front of William H. Vanderbilt's residence in New York City cost over £8,000. The single stone lying directly in front is the largest known paving-stone, and is said to have cost, transportation and all, £2,000.

JUST now, when we hear so much in connection with the Chinese crisis of "Prince" this or "Prince" that, it may be of interest to point out that, according to the Chinese *Debrett*, there are no fewer than 6,000 "Princes of the Blood" in the land of the Dragon!

IN Nagasaki, Japan, there is a fireworks maker who manufactures pyrotechnic birds of great size that, when exploded, sail in a life-like manner through the air, and perform many movements exactly like those of living birds. The secret of making these wonderful things has been in possession of the eldest child of the family of each generation for more than 400 years.

AN Eskimo baby is born fair, except for a dark round spot on the small of the back, varying in size from a threepenny bit to a shilling. From this centre-head of colour the dark tint gradually spreads till the toddling Eskimo is as beautifully, and as completely, and as highly coloured as a well-smoked meerschaum pipe. The same thing happens among the Japanese.

UNTIL within the past few years good butter was not to be had in Buenos Ayres. The country had millions of cows, but not a score of good butter makers. Farmers who owned 10,000 cows imported their butter in tins from the United States or Europe. Recently, an enterprising resident established a large dairy outside the city. He brought in butter makers from Switzerland, and now the city has as delicious butter as can be found anywhere, it being made without salt.

Stories to suit every taste will be found in this week's SHORT STORIES.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

8206. Which Meeting of European Sovereigns During this Century had the Most Political Significance?

That which assembled at Vienna, November 3rd, 1814, when the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Wurtemburg, and Bavaria, with diplomatic representatives of every Continental state met while Napoleon was a prisoner on the island of Elba, to discuss the political future of Europe. Four months afterwards the sudden escape of Napoleon, March 7th, 1815, gave increased gravity and importance to the deliberations of the Congress, on whose conclusions so many momentous national issues, and the future public tranquility of Europe, depended. Napoleon was promptly declared an outlaw, liable to the common vengeance of the nations. During the eventful hundred days that followed, the map of Europe was practically re-arranged by the treaty concluded and signed by the Congress, June 9th, 1815. Its provisions—embodied in 128 articles, containing, as one historian says, "the seeds of a lasting peace or the germs of future war"—inaugurated a new era in European history, and about five weeks afterwards the work of the Congress was crowned by Napoleon's final overthrow at Waterloo.

8207. Which is Apparently the Fairest of the Devices of Warfare which has been Made Illegal by International Consent?

The dropping of shells and other explosives from balloons has been made illegal in this manner, although it is difficult to see how such a method of warfare is either barbarous or unfair, or even "unsportamanlike." Captive balloons may be used for observation, so there is no objection to them *per se*, and submarine boats may attack warships from below with any explosive that they can carry, so there is evidently no objection to an attack made otherwise than in the plane of the earth's surface. The difference between a shell that will travel nine or ten miles and a flying machine seems to be but a small one. Such a mode of attack would necessitate extensive and expensive alterations in all forts, and this was probably the real cause of the objection to aerial warfare. With the invention of a really practical flying machine the question of its use in war would probably be reopened. An effort was made to pronounce all methods calculated to suffocate a foe illegal, and this would have barred lyddite and other picric acid explosives; but in spite of influential support, which declared such a means of attack to be "demoralising," the exclusion of anæsthetic and poisonous gases was not accepted. In the Franco-Prussian War all prisoners not in uniform were shot. The enforcement of a similar rule in Africa would save much bloodshed, and it is one that, in the interests of non-combatants, ought to be made binding.

8208. Is it a Fact that the Whole of the Animal Kingdom is More Affected by Pain in Youth than in Age?

It is generally true of man that the more highly developed, the more wide awake, so to speak, the brain is, the more sensitive does it become. Pain affects the nerves most when they have developed their full capacity of sensation, and this is in the heyday of youth. On the approach of age the edge of painful and the thrill of pleasant sensations are dulled as the tide of capacity in this matter naturally abates. With regard to the lower animals, we can, of course, only infer—in the absence of direct evidence—that in the case of the vertebrates, whose nervous system bears a general similarity to man's, they are most affected by pain when the nerves are fully developed, and that in age this capacity diminishes. Besides, animals have no imagination, which plays so large a part in human experience of pain. As we descend to the lower scale of animal life—in fishes for instance, the proportion of whose brain to the rest of their body is 1 to 3,000 against 1 to 60 in man, and in shell-fish, snails, and worms, which have no brain, the same general law probably holds good, though their capacity of pain is doubtless correspondingly diminished if it is not wholly absent.

8209. Is there any Race of Men who have not the Slightest Vestige of a Religion?

This is a difficult question to answer for two reasons. In the first place, the savage's conception of religion is very different to that of the civilised man; and in the second place the lower orders of savages are exceedingly shy with white men on this subject; hence, Max Müller may be right when he says that "wherever there is human life there is religion." At the same time the evidence of many noted travellers and keen observers goes to show that there are tribes in existence which appear to have no conception of religion in the usual acceptation of the term. Among these may be named the Pigmies of the Aruwimi Forest, the Bushmen of South Africa, the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Fuegans (in whom Darwin was unable to discover any trace of religion), the Indians of the Gran Chaco in South America, and some Indians of California. In former times many of the South Sea Islanders had no religion, but have since become Christians. It is also said that those extraordinary people, the gipsies, have no definite conception of religion. At the same time, it should be remembered that if the word "religion" is held to cover belief in good and evil spirits, witchcraft, and so on, then it is probably universal.

8210. Which Nation has Proved Least Grateful to its Great Men?

Probably the early Greeks and particularly the Athenians. There was a predisposition to fickleness and to hasty judgment in the Greek character as well as a strong jealousy of any individual who seemed likely to attain a preponderating power in the State; and their political and judicial system unfortunately supplied no compensating check. Their leaders were thus sacrificed alike in good and evil fortune, and a list of those who fell victims would be a long one. Aristeides (the "Just"), Miltiades, Themistocles, Socrates and Timotheos are a few of the great men who ended their lives in unmerited exile or by judicial murder. Sometimes after defeat there was a general butchery of the unlucky leaders. The Carthaginians were also noted for their ingratitude to the great servants of the commonweal and this no doubt helped to handicap them in the struggle with Rome, where a wiser policy was pursued, Spain, amongst moderns, has been most neglectful of the just claims of her great men; the caprice and pride of a court may be as stupid if not so violent as a jealous and fickle mob.

8212. Which was the first of our Towns to be Made a County?

Passing over London, which appears to have been a county by prescription at the time of the Norman Conquest, the answer is Bristol. In the reign of Edward III. the town consisted of two parts, north and south—in the counties of Gloucester and Somerset respectively—divided by the River Avon. As the town grew this position proved increasingly inconvenient to the burgesses in many ways, and they at length, through the mayor, petitioned the king for a new arrangement of the city boundaries. Edward was in urgent need of money at the time, and, following royal precedent in dealing with such petitions, he made the grant of a charter, separating the town from both counties, and making it a county of itself, conditional on the payment of 600 marks—equivalent, according to Hallam, of £8,000—into the Royal treasury. The charter was granted August 8th, 1373, and ten commissioners, consisting of two bishops, two abbots, and six lay justices, perambulated the town to settle its new boundaries. It is not generally known that there are sixteen towns made into counties in England, viz: Berwick-on-Tweed, Bristol, Canterbury, Chester, Exeter, Gloucester, Hull, Lichfield, Lincoln, London, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich, Nottingham, Poole, Southampton, Worcester, and York. Nine in Ireland, viz: Cork, Carrickfergus, Drogheda, Dublin, Galway, Kilkenny, Limerick, Londonderry, and Waterford. Two in Wales, viz: Carmarthen and Haverfordwest, and one in Scotland, Edinburgh.

8211. Which is the Most Notable Example in History of a Person Sacrificing Personal Feeling to Patriotism?

The best known, and, therefore, in one sense, most notable example of patriotic self-sacrifice, is the story of Brutus the Roman Consul, who ordered the execution of his two sons when he discovered that they were plotting to restore the Tarquins; but, perhaps, a more striking example is to be found in the story of John Hampden, who went to prison, and afterwards to his death on the battle-field, for the sake of what was to him a purely impersonal matter. Deeply attached to his home, his children, and his quiet country life, he allowed himself to be made the "test case" for ship-money, and afterwards threw his whole energies into the political struggle, believing it to be for the good of the country.

8213. Which Single Individual has Done Most by his own Personal Efforts to Extend our Empire?

Three names claim special notice in answering this question. Sir Walter Raleigh has the proud and unique distinction of being the man who laid the foundation stone of our Colonial Empire. Lord Clive stands easily first among Empire builders between Raleigh's century and ours. But for him France would have undoubtedly acquired India, and every page of the story which recounts Clive's success proves how much it was due to his personal efforts, and the rare combination of administrative capacity in civil affairs with military genius of the highest order, which enabled him in a little less than twelve years to establish British supremacy there, and to lay the foundations of a regular government which now exerts its beneficent sway over 300 millions of people inhabiting an area of 1,700,000 square miles. Then there is Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Empire builder of to-day, who, some twenty years ago, running his fingers over the map from Cape Colony to Egypt, declared his life's purpose: "All English; that's my dream." The Chartered Company's territory, 750,000 square miles, was the first instalment, the expansion is still proceeding rapidly, and as Mr. Rhodes not long ago declared his career was only beginning, he may, in the ordinary course of nature, live to realise the ambition of his life in the establishment of a United States of South Africa under British rule. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Rhodes seems destined to break all previous records, and, among modern men, perhaps best merits the distinction in question.

8215. Which of our Crown Colonies is Most Flourishing, Financially?

The Straits Settlements, which are ruled by the Governor, assisted by an Executive and a Legislative Council, all the members of whom are appointed by the Crown. In 1898 the revenue was 5,071,282 dollars, against an expenditure of 4,587,367 dollars; whilst, moreover, the colony had no public debt. The exports and imports together amounted to the enormous sum of 460,000,000 dollars. The total area of the Straits Settlements is 1,472 square miles, and its exceptional prosperity is largely due to Singapore being included within it, no fewer than 9,717 foreign-going steamers having entered and cleared from that port in 1898. Amongst other Crown Colonies Gambia is remarkable as spending only £29,035 out of its revenue of £46,717, and the Seychelles have a similar, though not so large, surplus. But for the tribute payable to Turkey—and which, after all, goes to reduce the amount due by that country to Britain and France—the Crown Colony of Cyprus would be amongst the most prosperous in the Empire, the revenue for 1898-9 being £78,000 in excess of the expenditure.

QUESTIONS.

5241. Between which two adjoining great Powers would a strip of neutral territory have served the most useful purpose?
5242. Do modern physicians ever kill patients in order to put an end to their sufferings?
5243. What was the society known as the "Society of the Elm Royal"?
5244. Which is of the greater value—the wine produced in Europe every year, or the annual total production of gold throughout the world?
5245. Where would the probable seat of government be if the whole world were under British dominion?
5246. Why is it that no great epidemic of disease ever travels eastwards?
5247. Has the Derby ever been won by a grey horse?
5248. Is there any wild animal which is not afraid of fire?
5249. What country has always adopted the safest method to insure the fairness of its historical records?
5250. Why do objects look large in a mist?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that in which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

A MAN recently knocked down an elephant, a lion, and a rhinoceros. He was an auctioneer.

OLD LADY (excitedly): "I want to take out a fire insurance policy at once. Our house is on fire."

THE GIRL: "Are the people thick on the river to-day?"
The Man: "Some are, but others are thin."

A GENTLEMAN who was visiting one of the public schools in a Scotch town asked a bright-looking boy:
"What profit is there in the study of ancient history?"
"About eighteenpence, I suppose," was the reply.
"What?"
"Well, the teacher makes us buy the books from him, and we have to pay three shillings. I think he gets them for eighteenpence apiece; so he has a clear profit of eighteenpence, according to my calculation."

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Railway men should be on the look-out for Ten Pound Men. Already one railway man has claimed £10.

LOST—A RECORD!

WHO IS GOING TO BRING THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE ATLANTIC BACK TO ENGLAND?

WHEN the Hamburg-American Line placed the order for the building of the now celebrated *Deutschland* with the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company of Stettin, Germany, they stipulated amongst other things that their new vessel should surpass everything afloat in point of speed, and the Company's ambition has been realised.

The other day she completed her passage from New York to Plymouth in five days and a half, establishing a new record time.

She covers the distance of 3,073 miles at an average speed of over twenty-three miles an hour.

The record for sailing the greatest number of miles in one day was held by the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, namely 541, but the *Deutschland* broke that long established record no fewer than four times on her first homeward trip.

In 1840 the Cunard Company came into being, the *Britannia* being their first boat. She performed the astonishing feat of crossing the Atlantic in twelve days, ten hours. And she was a paddle steamer, too. Previous records were the following:

Savannah, New York to Liverpool, 26 days, in 1819.
Royal William, ... 21 days, in 1833.
Sirius, ... 17 days, in 1838.
Great Western, Bristol to N. Y....15 days, in 1838.

So the *Britannia* broke the record and held it for some years. Of course the liner service in those early days was nothing like it is now.

In the sixties, however, strenuous efforts were made to lay the foundation of a quick and frequent service between the two countries; so in 1869, after many attempts to quicken speed, the shipping world woke up one morning to find that the *City of Paris* (the first of that name), a new boat over the construction of which there had been much excitement, had crossed the Atlantic in eight days, three hours.

But the Inman Line were not idle. They built the *City of Richmond*, a magnificent boat as liners went thirty years ago, and when she got to work soon wrested the coveted riband from the *City of Paris* in creating a new record time of seven days, nineteen hours, forty-five minutes. That was in 1875.

In 1879 the *Servia* was placed in the liner service by the Cunard Company. Her earlier trips came up to within a very narrow shave of the best time done by the *City of Richmond*; so when she at last came in first with a new record of seven days, eight hours, fifteen minutes, the world was not, perhaps, very greatly surprised, except that nervous folk shook their heads all the more and wondered when this timing or racing business was going to stop.

But the *Servia* only managed to hold the record for six months, for the *Alaska* (Guion Line), in June, 1882, wrested the riband from the *Servia* with a splendid speed of six days, twenty-two hours.

People now doubted the possibility of that time ever being broken, and they sat down under the conviction that the limit had at last been reached; and thanked their stars that all excitement in the matter of Atlantic records, which was the fashion twenty years ago, was now happily over.

The *Alaska* was the lioness of the hour, and the idol of the people's affections. Baby girls were christened after her. For three months the world of Britain talked of little else than the wonderful voyage of the *Alaska*. But her glory was not perennial.

The *Arizona* eventually put in a claim to the effect that she had lowered the *Alaska's* time by three minutes—just three minutes.

In 1888 the Cunard Company added the *Etruria* to their line, and she eventually beat the *Alaska* by twenty-one hours, her record being six days, one hour, forty-seven minutes, causing an immense sensation throughout the country. But when the news was published, only three months afterwards, that the *Parisian* (Allan Line) had crossed the Atlantic from land to land in four days, seventeen hours, ten minutes, it fairly took one's breath away, until it was explained that that speed was obtained only on the Canadian route and then people breathed easier. The *Etruria* was mistress of the seas.

The *Etruria*, a really splendid vessel, was the championess of the Atlantic for some two or three years, when she was perforce obliged to hand over the riband to a German, who held it only for six months, when it came back again to England, being won by the *Lucania*.

In 1893 she and her sister ship, the *Campania*, made their first voyages, and the first-named broke all records in the history of ocean speeds. Her time was 5 days 15 hours 37 minutes from Queenstown to Sandy Hook.

In the following year (1894), she broke her own record by four hours; eventually she brought it down to five days, seven hours, twenty-three minutes, whilst the *Campania's* best was five days, nine hours, six minutes. Both these vessels later on gave way to a second German, and now another German has wrested the enviable blue from the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, and this is the *Deutschland*, to whose performance we have referred. As we have said, it only took her five days and eleven hours to cross from New York to Plymouth. Who is going to bring back the riband to England?

Airing Their Preferences.

THREE maidens talked, as maidens will,
Of what gives life its zest.
Said one, a buxom country girl,
"The mountain air is best."

The second, clad in yachting dress,
All white beyond compare,
Did thereupon exulting cry:
"Give me the ocean air!"

Then one in swinging hammock posed.
Half ope'd her eyes divine
And languorously said, "I'll take
The millionaire for mine."

A Humourous Situation.

AMONG all the horrors of war humourous situations often occur.

An English Army surgeon in South Africa tells an amusing story of an English woman of high rank who was engrossed by the charms of amateur nursing.

One morning, on approaching the cot of a soldier to whom she had given especial attention, she found him with his eyes tightly closed, and a piece of paper pinned on the sheet, on which was written:

"Too ill to be nussed to-day.—Respeckfully, J. L."

THE husband is apt to be pensive if the wife is expensive.

THE VEGETARIAN: "What kind of a dinner did my wife give you?"

"Fine! We had greens and salad, and, in fact, a for dinner fit for a cow—I mean a king."

He Addressed the Jury.

A MAN who had never seen the inside of a Court-room until he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scottish Courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge.

The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said:

"Address yourself to the jury, sir."

The man made a short pause, but, notwithstanding what had been said to him, continued his narrative.

The judge was then more explicit, and said to him:

"Speak to the jury, sir, the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness at once turned round, and, making an awkward bow, said with perfect gravity:

"Good-morning, gentlemen."

QUACK doctors are probably so called because of their bills.

SOME wives, like watches, have pretty faces, delicate hands, and are good to look upon—but somewhat difficult to regulate.

Pride.

TOM'S mother had made him a pair of knickerbockers out of a pair of his father's left-off trousers.

Tom is five, and, of course, was very proud of the garment.

One day a lady called on his mother when he also happened to be at home. After the usual greetings, the lady turned to Tom and said:

"Why, Tommy, what a swell you look in your new knickerbockers, to be sure!"

Thereupon Tommy stands up proudly and exclaims, looking at them:

"Ain't they fine! My papa was married in these knickers."

THE clock is never inclined to boast; on the contrary, it is always running down its own works.

YOUR FACE ENLARGED FOR 7/-

IF you have a relative who has passed away either at home in peace or abroad in war, send his photograph—which you probably cherish—and we will enlarge it to a beautiful India ink and crayon portrait, 15in. × 12in. mounted on plate sunk mount 24in. × 19in.

Relatives of soldiers at the front may obtain one of these enlargements for 6s.

Other photographs will be enlarged for 7s.

Full particulars have already appeared, and will appear again shortly. They also appear in the current issue of

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

A coupon from that paper must accompany each order.

£1,000 FOR A 'BUS ROUTE.

SHOWING WHAT THE SCHEDULE RUNNING TIME OF A 'BUS IS WORTH.

WHEN you want to go anywhere by 'bus you stand in the street and wait till the one you want comes up.

You don't worry about the time it is due to arrive according to the time-tables arranged by the company, or any other 'bus owner, for the simple reason that you know nothing about the chartered times, but if you are kept waiting long you get impatient.

You feel that somebody is neglecting good business; often you feel exasperated, particularly if you are in a hurry, and you give expression to your feelings in thoughts, or perhaps words, which if reduced to writing would probably scare your friends.

You look at time, of course, from your point of view, while the 'bus owners look at it from theirs. You value your time, but the company has a method of valuing theirs even still more highly, to such an extent, indeed, as to induce them to arrange matters in that perfect way which makes the commodity a fine commercial asset and a fruitful source of income, helping to line the pockets of their shareholders by swelling the dividends in a variety of ways, irrespective of the ordinary profits made on the workings.

Punctuality is the soul of business, so if a conductor, for instance, fails to bring his 'bus up to time at the various points *en route* they fine him, quite oblivious of any excuse the man may offer.

The big owners have another way of weighing up time as a valuable asset. If you wanted to acquire and run a 'bus there is nothing to prevent you from doing either after you have got your license, but you would find it a very uphill fight. Like other commercial walks in life it is hampered with a ring, and anyone who wants to come in has got to pay for the privilege. If he won't pay he gets run off the road; the others "nurse" him, as it is called, that is, the ring 'buses start one immediately in front of him, and one immediately behind him, so that his takings each day will just be about a third of what he calculated. Of course, under these circumstances, he cannot make the thing pay, and he gives it up in disgust.

It is almost practically impossible to create a new time or hour for running your 'bus, owing to the closeness of those running just before and behind yours, and you certainly could not get your rivals to alter their times of running for the reasons just given. They simply would not do it, for a time, or 'bus hour, means a certain asset, a very valuable asset sometimes, and, of course, it is not likely that they would make a present of it to a rival. So they "nurse" your 'bus. You might offer to give them as much as a £1,000 if they would either let you run in one of their times or alter one or two to accommodate you, and they would still refuse your offer.

But this would happen only on certain routes.

There are roads within the metropolitan area where your offer might be considered and these are known as Association roads.

A certain leading London 'bus company has the command of most of the roads within the metropolis, but on these Association roads they have not. This Association is composed of various private 'bus owners who before they amalgamated had the run of the road, and when this big company wanted to run a string of their 'buses on the same lines all agreed to amalgamate and to pool their takings. Their 'buses include the well-known John Bulls, also those running between Camden Town and Victoria, Westbourne Park and Victoria, St. John's Wood and Elephant and Castle, and Kilburn and Victoria.

Now, this is how 'bus times are valued, notwithstanding the prevailing idea that it cannot possibly matter very much how 'buses run so long as there are plenty of them. Let us say there were twenty 'buses of equal ownership running on one of the roads particularised, and the Association had decided to put on six more. The company as representing, say, half the Association would provide three, and the other three would be left to the five or six private masters forming the rest of the Association to provide.

By an arrangement, three of the latter would each provide one bus, and the others left out would be compensated to the tune of about £300, for which amount they would agree to forfeit all claims on the working profits of these extra six 'buses.

Another example: Supposing you wished to run an independent 'bus on one of the Association roads, the committee might arrange to alter the times of their 'buses, immediately preceding and following that at which you proposed to run yours, on your paying down a lump sum of, say, from £500 to £1,000.

It may sound very strange to you, but it is not an unusual thing for a big company, for reasons of their own, to decide to put up for auction one of their times, and if this be an old-standing one it will easily fetch an amount varying from £500 to £1,000. It is called an auction in colloquial language, but it is really a kind of sale by private treaty, and the chance of bidding for it is relegated to the charmed circle of omnibus proprietors only.

AN EYE-OPENING ARTICLE TO BUYERS OF BICYCLES, PILLS, AND OTHER LUXURIES.

THE question whether we are mostly humbugs or mostly fools is a very delicate one, but whatever the man on the street may be, either the one or the other, it will be generally conceded that the man in trade is neither. He is mostly a knave.

The man in business who fails to inspire confidence fails to succeed as a business man, so to counteract the possibility of failure, and in order to win your "esteemed commands" and confidence, the wily British tradesman is sometimes driven to adopt measures which, although strictly at variance with the code of truth, cannot be said to run foul of honourable integrity from a business point of view.

Anyway, you don't suffer if, for instance, Brown, the hosier, sells you a couple of fine linen shirts, and declares to you that the demand for them is so enormous that his very own shirt factory is working night and day to cope with the pressure, and that there never was such a rage for any article of hosiery as there is for the "Bunkums" shirt.

You get full and good value for your money. You take home your parcel, however, impressed with the idea that Mr. Brown is a very large manufacturer, and that buying straight from the manufacturer you, of course, save a middle profit.

But Mr. Brown is not a manufacturer at all, and you don't save a middle profit. His "Bunkums" shirt is common to Smith, Jones, and Robinson, all of whom are hosiers in different parts of the metropolis, and all of whom are

SUPPLIED WITH THE SAME ARTICLE

by the real manufacturer who supplies other hosiers besides Mr. Brown, whose name and trade marks, however, are attached to the "Bunkums" shirt in a conspicuous position bearing the legend that he is the sole maker.

But all this is a mere trade arrangement. Buy a certain quantity of shirts from the real manufacturer, who keeps in the dark, and you may call the garment whatsoever you like, although it is not a scrap different in shape or design from the article sold by Robinson in the next street, but who calls his shirt by another fancy name.

Cycle dealers are all cycle makers according to their published announcements, and the humour is carried so far as to induce one "maker" to challenge another to produce as good a machine as the former. Here is another class of manufacturer that makes nothing. There are really very few cycle manufacturers, but many so-called.

According to the directories, nearly everyone who sells a bicycle or repairs one styles himself a manufacturer. These dealers go to the real makers and knock up a trade arrangement whereby the manufacturer agrees to make a quantity of machines for a certain price, and to put on the bicycles the name-plate of the dealer to give the idea that he is the maker. You believe, of course, that he is—there's the name-plate to prove it—but he is not.

P.W. only very recently had an interview with a certain firm in the City which

TURNS OUT MANY THOUSANDS

of machines in the course of a year, and all of which are known by as many different appellations, some of the latter being very well known; but, as a matter of fact, it is the same machine throughout from handle-bar to saddle-pin.

Prominent dealers buy these from the firm in question, and then affix their own name-plates as though they really made the machine.

Chemists are notorious transgressors in this respect.

Walk into, say, any little chemist's shop hidden away in the purlieus of a busy locality and cast your eye about the place, particularly observing the daintily-got-up boxes and bottles on the counter, and on the shelves behind and in front, and you will find distinctive evidence on the labels that Mr. Pillbury is his own manufacturer, and in a large way, too.

There are Pillbury's pills to cure anything, Pillbury's plasters to straighten crooked backs, Pillbury's ointment, Pillbury's hair-grower, liver tonics and countless other remedies, all of which are prepared by the great and only Mr. Pillbury, who, if he made all the things he is supposed to make, would require factories as large as the bicycle factories of Coventry.

But he makes nothing—beyond good returns. It is purely a trade misnomer. The wholesale chemists' travellers call and make a deal with the knight of the pestle and mortar. The latter, on buying so many pills or so much lotion, or any article usually identified with the business of a chemist, may have labels printed at the firm's expense, bearing the legend that such-and-such a preparation is Mr. Pillbury's very own, and that such-and-such a remedy, pill or lotion, or other medicament, is "prepared only by Mr. Pillbury."

But our chemist is a manufacturer who makes nothing. His wares are made for him. Of course, there are times when your chemist will make up his own cough medicine, and perhaps concoct a corn cure when you ask him for these things; but he makes nothing.

The craze to be one's own manufacturer, though making nothing, is so paramount in the mind of the average tradesman, that it is found everywhere in commerce.

Take hatters. All hatters make their own hats—so you think. You say: "There's the man's name stuck inside as the maker." True, but that is only business.

If the real maker's name were advertised inside your hat you would walk by the shop of the man from whom you bought the hat you are now wearing.

The tradesman who makes and sells his own wares, you think, must be the better man to patronise for a good many reasons; hence, the craze among hatters is particularly brisk, for you can hardly pick up a hat of any kind and not find the retailer who sold it to you advertised by the means of the label inside as the maker. But not one hatter in five hundred makes the hat he sells you.

Nor do all the big soap-makers make their soap, although they are invariably regarded as the manufacturers. They pioneer somebody else's make, get the latter to add something to it so as to render it a speciality, and then call it their own manufacture.

TRADESMEN ARE NOT THE ONLY SINNERS

—there are the authors. There are those who live by the pen, and who, having made their reputation, very often accept the making of another's work, and call it their own by arrangement.

Whether Shakespeare ever made such an arrangement with Bacon we do not venture to say, but there are authors in the flesh to-day who, having accepted more commissions from publishers than they could possibly turn out within the specified time, have engaged clever, but unknown and poor, writers — known as "devils"—and these have done the best part of the writing, while their work has, of course, borne the name of the famous man.

Quite recently a well-known author offered a magazine writer, of no very great reputation, terms to write a serial from the plot and synopsis to be furnished by the greater of the two writers, and, although the offer was accompanied with a cheque for one hundred guineas, the lesser of the two distinguished lights refused it, only to let the chance be snapped up by somebody else.

A famous song which all London and the country sang vehemently for a long time, one of the most popular of the century, brought the author in just one solitary sovereign.

The singer of the song was advertised as the author of it, and he made a fortune out of his efforts.

But you, as the man on the street, do not lose anything by these trade and professional vagaries. Commercially, you may be the gainer, for the continuance of modern competition in trade tends to induce competitors to sell their wares at a nominal profit, while, as regards the manufacturers of literature, who produce only a representative part of the whole of their work, it cannot be said that you are being imposed upon if induced to read the work of a man whose production is heralded in the name of another, for you are getting a mental treat all the same, and possibly a better one.

"OH, mother," said the little girl who saw a motor-car pass, "look at that carriage trying to catch its horse."

"SIR," said the young man. "I ask for your daughter's hand."

"Young man," replied the father, "I am not disposing of her in sections."

SHE: "A mathematician has calculated that a man sixty years old has spent three years of his life buttoning his collar."

He: "Is that so? I wonder how many years of her life a woman of forty-five has wasted in putting her hat on straight!"

"HAS my daughter, sir," demanded the stern father, "ever given you reason to think she would listen to a proposal of marriage from you?"

"Well," said the young man, twirling his hat in his hand, in an embarrassed manner, "except that she calls me 'darling,' and always kisses me when I bid her good-night, I can't say that she has."

No. 2 OF

THE CURIOSITY SHOP

ON SALE TO-DAY.

The Illustrated Companion to P.W.

ONE PENNY.

Why Jane Left.

MR. HIRE, a bachelor, pays his servant good wages, and being often from home the duties of the servant are limited and her situation virtually a sinecure.

Yet his last servant lost her place in what we may call a new-womanly way.

It was in this wise:

One day a strange servant waited on Mr. Hire.

"Where is Jane?" he asked.

"Away, sir," said the newcomer. "You see, sir, we played cards the other evening, and after Jane had lost all her money she staked her situation against mine, and I had the good fortune to win you, sir."

Treating the Policeman.

ONE Saturday evening in Belfast an Italian ice-cream merchant had pitched his stand near the tramway junction.

A policeman on duty was striving to keep order among a lot of news-boys, whilst a number of pedestrians were walking past, and others waiting for their respective trams.

A middle-aged, country-looking man approached the policeman, and pointing to the ice-cream man, said:

"Sorr, will you plaze to come over wid me to that man wid the barrer."

The officer went with him, no doubt thinking the man had been swindled. When they arrived there, the countryman said to the Italian:

"Gie the polisman a ha'porth o' ice-crame, and I'll pay for it, for the poor man looks hot."

The spectators roared, and the policeman went away smiling.

A Bold Experiment.

A WARDER, who had been very successful in controlling criminals in more than one penal institution, once had a prisoner confined under his control who said that he would kill him at the first opportunity.

The warder said nothing, but the next afternoon, when he had an hour's leisure, sent for the man.

The prisoner found the warder stropping his razor.

"Oh, is that you?" the latter at once exclaimed. "Well, never mind; can you shave?"

The man replied that he had often shaved his companions.

"All right; suppose I see what kind of a barber you are."

With that he took a seat in his chair, handed the criminal the razor, and was shaved. The man went faithfully through his duty, and when he had finished the warder said:

"They told me that you were watching for a chance to kill me, so I thought I would give you as good a chance as you could ask for; that was all."

The prisoner slunk away, and from that time forward the warder had no firmer friend than the desperate criminal.

A Mandarin in the Mire.

ONE of the most amusing incidents that probably ever happened at a State ceremonial took place on the occasion of General Gordon being invested with the Yellow Jacket.

The Emperor of China had given an Imperial edict that the leader of "the ever-victorious army" should be installed into the most dignified of Celestial honours in a way befitting so exalted a rank. There were many mandarins and other grandees present at the proceedings, which took place in a marquee.

In one corner of the large tent was a hole from two feet to three feet square and at least a yard deep. It was used as a beer and wine cooler, and quite full of water, a few straw envelopes floating upon its surface marking the spot. By some oversight it had neither been filled in nor covered up so as to prevent any mishap during the ceremony.

The opening part of the Chinese dignitaries' ceremony was a making of obeisance to Gordon, by kneeling and bending their heads to the earth three times, to necessitate which a backward step was necessary from the line they had taken up.

A fat old mandarin was immediately in front of the hole and in taking one pace to the rear for the necessary bowing, fell back into the excavation, and, instead of his head bent forward towards Gordon, all that the General and the company could see were his feet.

In a moment he was dragged out, but the terrified look on the old gentleman's face proved too much for the equanimity of all present—Gordon appearing highly amused, notwithstanding his severe observance of discipline—under more ordinary circumstances.

The mandarin was taken in hand by Gordon's staff, rubbed down, apologised to, and made as presentable as possible. For a time, his manner betokened anger at being the victim of such unceremonious treatment, but soon in puffing away at cheroots was, figuratively, smoking the pipe of peace with all and sundry.

Further, the mandarin was regaled with champagne, and certainly showed the widest of preferences for good wine over dirty water.

Ladies will now have an opportunity of securing the £10 notes. Five Ten-Pound Ladies have been sent out. See page 171.

NEW TRICKS OF MODERN SHARPERS.

HOW UNSCRUPULOUS GAMBLERS CHEAT THEIR VICTIMS.

A COIN which is frequently used for the purpose of cheating at spinning coins is an ordinary penny filed round the edge so as to form a slight angle, as shown in the accompanying diagram. This coin possesses the additional advantage of being able to be safely handled by the dupe, for the angle is so very slight that it cannot be detected by anyone not in the secret. It will be obvious that when such a coin is spun upon its edge it will always fall on one side, viz., the side whose edge presents the smallest circumference.

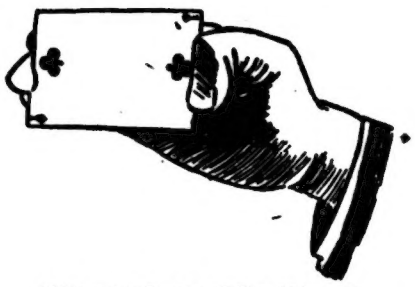
This is How the Coin is Filed.

The popular card game called "Banker" in the hands of a sharper readily lends itself to trickery. The usual method of cheating at this game is to use a prepared pack, technically known as "longs and shorts," which is easily prepared from an ordinary pack, by merely sand-papering down the wide ends of the low cards, so as to make them slightly narrower than the high ones, and treating the narrow ends of the high cards (*i.e.*, from the aces to the eights) in the same manner, so as to make them a little shorter than the low ones.

In laying the packets out upon the table, if the sharper grasps the cards across the width of the pack, as in this picture, he will only cut at high cards, whilst if he grasps them lengthwise, as in the next illustration, only those cards under eight pips will be cut.

If the Cards be Gripped in this Way, only High Cards will be Cut.

Armed with a pack of this description, the sharper, having managed to entice two or three unwary victims to have a game with him, suggests that instead of leaving the "Banker" (himself) one of the lots cut by himself, one of the opponents shall cut him another lot. This being agreed to by the other players, the Banker cuts the cards lengthways, leaving nothing higher than seven, while one of the dupes will, of course, cut in the ordinary manner, as shown below, giving the sharper a higher card. The unusual method of cutting the cards which is thus adopted by the sharper, is rarely noticed by those not in the secret, but even when it is noticed, it seldom creates suspicion, being put down to inexperience.



If they be Grasped like this only Low Cards will be Cut.

The ring shown in our concluding illustration is employed for the purpose of cheating at the game of dominoes. As will be seen, it is merely an ordinary finger ring provided with a small point which, projects from the bottom of the ring. Armed with a ring prepared in this manner, the cunning sharper—either when he moves the dominoes about on the table, or at any other opportunity that may occur—contrives to put a dot or two upon the backs of certain dominoes, which will enable him to recognise their value during the course of play.

We can't see this valuable space wasted, so we utilise it to put the momentous question:

"Ha' ye got that TEN PUN' NOOT?"

Ring used by Sharper for Cheating at Dominoes.

Hard on the Good Old Lady.

AMONG the thousands who turned out to do homage to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York on her visit to Barnard Castle recently was a collier's wife, who, on being asked by a neighbour what she thought about Her Royal Highness, replied:

"Oh! she is a beautiful lady, sure enough, but my heart aches for her poor old grandmother, who, being turned eighty-one years of age, is left at home to mind her four bairns while she is enjoying herself here."

How much easier it is to forgive an enemy we have worsted than one who has worsted us.

A Pretty Good Supper.

BIDDY and John lived very comfortably together and generally retired to bed early, but John came home late one night and found Biddy in bed of course.

On opening the door Biddy shouted out to him:

"Is that you, John?"

"Yis, Biddy, darlint, it's me. Is there iver a bit of a cannel in the house, Biddy?"

"Naw," says Biddy. "The last piece was burnt down in the nek av that bottle on the dhresser."

"Thin, Biddy, where aboots will A find me supper?"

"Ye'll get it in the basin on the table—the wan with the spoon in it."

"All right, darlint."

John was devouring his supper very greedily, and when about finishing Biddy calls out to him:

"How did you like your broth, John?"

"Very well indeed, Biddy. They were purty and stiff, but, darlint, there was a lot of strings in them which was very hard to chaw."

"Aw, bless me soul, John," says Biddy, "that's the starch basin yer into, and yev ate me good nightcap, strings and all."

"FIVE from five leave how many?" asked the master of a little boy, some six years old, who had not had many lessons in arithmetic.

After a moment's reflection he answered:

"Five."

"How do you make that out?"

Holding his little hand up, the youngster said:

"Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now if I take that five fingers on my left hand away from the right, won't five remain?"

They All Ate Their Husbands.

As long ago as the beginning of the eighteenth century the idea of using the thread that the spider spins from its body as a substitute for the thread unwrapped from the cocoon of the silk worm was broached, but with little practical result. An Englishman, Mr. Rolt, secured 20,000 feet of silk thread from twenty-two spiders in two hours.

Of late some experiments have been conducted by curious persons to ascertain which spider produced the best and largest quantity of silk, for it has been demonstrated that it is an excellent substitute for that of the silkworm.

Spiders from Paraguay and Argentine, from India, China, and Australia were tried, but the best results were secured from the spiders of Madagascar. It was found that after laying her eggs the female spider spins most freely.

Six of these were selected and confined for the test. From one 2,000 yards of thread were secured in ten days; from the second 1,350 yards in seven days; from the third and fourth 450 yards in four days; from the fifth 1,400 yards in eleven days; and from the sixth 4,200 yards in twenty-seven days.

A German manufacturer was so delighted with this test that he made elaborate arrangements for having a spider silk mill, importing a large number of the spiders from Madagascar to Germany.

All went well until the females had laid their eggs and begun to spin, when all at once the males were found to have disappeared. Their larger feminine companions had grown so fond of them that each female spider had eaten her mate. This catastrophe ended the costly experiment.

Come! Cudgel Your Brains!

THE Editor is in want of really good original anecdotes, and is willing to give his contributors fair return for contributing them.

All attempts, however, must be the original work of the sender. By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a book, selected by himself, or a stereoscope, or a pencil case, or penknife, whichever may be chosen. In addition to this, the sender of the best story published during September will receive a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

MR. ROBERT BARR, who celebrates his fiftieth birthday on Sunday, was over forty when he started to write novels. He is a Scotsman by birth, but was taken to America, when four years old, and there he remained, first as a school teacher, and then as a journalist till 1881, when he came to England. It is a curious fact that Mr. Barr is a chief of the once great Iroquois tribe of Red Indians. He took a part in concluding a treaty with the noble red man, and the tribe made him one of their chiefs and gave him a picturesque name.

One of the greatest of literary tasks was the writing of the biography of the Prince Consort. There were boxes upon boxes of papers to go through, and the selection of those for publication was a matter of extreme delicacy. The Queen intrusted the work, in 1874, to Mr., now SIR THEODORE MARTIN, who becomes eighty-four on September 16th, and rewarded him with a knighthood on the completion of the five volumes. Sir Theodore is the head of a firm of Parliamentary agents, and Helen Faucit, the famous Shakespearian actress, who died some months ago, was his wife.

A cowboy peer is something of a novelty in the peerage of the kingdom, but the EARL OF CAITHNESS, who completes his thirty-seventh year on September 17th, has spent a part of his life in that capacity. He is in the very unfortunate position of being without estates, a former earl having left them out of the family; and when he succeeded to the title in 1891 he crossed over to America and settled in Dakota, in which State he now has a residence—"Berriedale Farm." The old estate in Caithness, Berriedale, now belongs to the Duke of Portland.

As head of the Union-Castle line of steamships to the Cape, SIR DONALD CURRIE, whose seventy-fifth birthday occurs, as it always does, on the 17th, is a well-known man. In voyages to Denmark and elsewhere he has had, as guests, the Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Tennyson, and many fellow Members of Parliament. In the Naval Review of 1897 Sir Donald accomplished a rather neat feat by inviting the Lord Mayor of London to be his guest on board the *Arundel Castle*. The Lord Mayor takes precedence of all others, and thus the *Arundel Castle* immediately followed the Royal yacht in the procession!

Curiously enough, the next birthday celebrity is not only a past Lord Mayor but also a Scotsman. In spite of his long life in London, however, SIR ANDREW LUSK, who was born on September 18th, 1810, has never been able to lose his northern accent. Sir Andrew, who was Lord Mayor so long ago as 1873-74, has the distinction of having taken part in more Lord Mayors' Shows than any other living man. During his term in the City, the veteran Baronet had the honour of receiving the Tsar and Lord Wolseley, the latter on his return from the Ashanti War.

Though the family honours date from 1620, the Dukedom of Leeds originated in humble circumstances. In the sixteenth century, the founder of the Osbornes worked as an apprentice in London, but he eventually became a great trader, and one of his descendants became a baronet in 1620. In 1689, for inviting William of Orange to England, the Earl of Danby was created Marquess of Carmarthen, and, in 1694, Duke of Leeds. The present Duke (thirty-eight on Tuesday) was known as "Dolly" when a Member of Parliament.

The EARL OF KINGSTON, who becomes twenty-six on September 19th, is an Irish peer, and, in addition to a baronetcy, possesses five titles. In the last century there was once a Countess of Kingston, whose career is hardly to be equalled even in fiction. She was engaged to a Duke, but, in a fit of pique, secretly married a naval lieutenant. Wishing to marry the Earl of Kingston afterwards, she swore that she was a spinster and she carried her point. The plot miscarried later, however, and she fled from England and died in France, in 1788, at the age of sixty-eight.

Some of the most popular of science lectures are those given by PROF. JAMES DEWAR at the Royal Institution. During the last few years the Professor has made many discoveries in connection with liquid air and gases. His public experiments have created a vast amount of interest, and, a short while ago, the Professor's audience were greatly amused when he produced an ordinary milk-can and started to fill it with liquid air, pouring the fluid out like milk. The Professor, whose honours are many, is fifty-eight on Thursday.

The Victoria Cross birthday of the present week is that of CAPTAIN R. C. NESBITT, who completes his thirty-third year on September 20th. The Captain is in the South Africa Police Force in Mashonaland, and it was there, in 1896, that he won the red riband of the Army. With thirteen men, the Captain cut his way through the rebels during the war, and succeeded in rescuing a party that had been isolated. There must have been some warm work, for three of the men were killed and five wounded, while fifteen horses were similarly put out of action.

"England expects every man to do his duty." He cannot do this unless he buys his wife a copy of HOME NOTES on Saturday.

WHAT THE CHINESE "DAILY EXPRESS" IS LIKE.

All About the Newspapers of Fair Cathay.

We are so proud of the national library housed at the British Museum that we complacently refer to it as being the largest library in the world, with the possible exception of the French. This can hardly be so, for the vastness of Chinese literature can be gathered from the digest of the published catalogue, ranging from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. This gigantic encyclopædia consists of 5,000 pages. A copy of this work can be seen at the British Museum, the authorities of which regard it as one of their choicest treasures.

But the vast quantity of literature embraced in this truly colossal volume has one great commanding feature which Anglo-Saxon writing lacks, for whereas the works written in our tongue are only understood by our race, the book language of China is understood by the educated, not only of the whole Chinese Empire, but of Japan, Loo-Choo, Manchuria, and Cochin-China; that is to say, the book of China is read by nearly half the population of the world.

Though the Chinese are practically destitute of newspapers and periodicals they can boast the oldest newspapers in the world.

Of all newspapers the Pekin Gazette, till recently, was the most stupid, the information it contained being confined to imperial effusions of the most trumpery description.

During the last year or so there have not been wanting signs that the intellectual torpor into which China for centuries has been plunged is slowly passing away. The stagnation of the interior and remote provinces is as profound as ever, but native sheets are blossoming into existence in Shanghai and Hong Kong with such rapidity that to-day the Chinese of these parts boast of five daily newspapers, all paying their way, whilst the weekly and monthly native periodicals are constantly increasing both in numbers and circulation. The success of these native prints has been so great that the aged Pekin Gazette has been stirred into rivalry, this aged print being now published in three edtions.

The first edition, called the King-paou is printed on yellow paper and constitutes the official Gazette of the Empire. The second edition, the Haing-paou (Commercial Journal), is also printed on yellow paper and contains information relating to trade. The third edition, the Pitau-paou is published for the delectation of provincial readers, and is printed on red paper. Life in China, especially out of the big cities, being phenomenally dull, one would have thought that that the authorities, to relieve the tedium, would have brightened the pages of the third edition with some lively readings. Oh, dear, no. The third edition consists solely of extracts from the first two issues.

Of the native papers the Shan-Pao or Shanghai Gazette comes first with a local circulation of 30,000 copies. All the articles are written by natives, and the vigour with which torture is denounced and abuses laid bare is quite remarkable. So great is the power wielded by this journal, that provincial governors sooner than incur its displeasure will revoke an unjust sentence.

As showing how impossible it is to eliminate from the human mind the desire to progress, the Shan-Pao, at the time when the Kaiping mines were opened up, printed a number of leading articles, in which all the advantages of using coal, as well as the objections to consuming this fuel, were most ably and thoroughly discussed.

One of the most striking of the many articles dealing with social subjects which have appeared from time to time in this journal dealt with the question of Female Education.

The writer, a native, not only advocated the highest form of education for women, but stated in the most uncompromising manner that if China were to hold her own against the world she must discard her present attitude towards the ideas of the outer world.

The editor, it is said, waited in fear and trembling next day for the appearance of a howling mob, but the native population were not stirred. The Shan-Pao is now recognised as such a factor in the national life that report says it is regularly perused by the Dowager-Empress.

One of the most extraordinary of the official publications is the Imperial Almanack. When it was discovered that even the Chinese found some of the statements in this remarkable book too much for their digestion, the Mandarins sought the advice of some Jesuit. Permission was given, after much hesitation, to revise the astronomical part of the work, but they were sternly enjoined not to tamper with the table of lucky and unlucky days. The following are quotations from the Book of Rites: "In the third month mice," it says, "are transformed into pigeons and rainbows are first seen." "In the sixth month grass decomposes and produces glow worms."

This is pretty good, but it is nothing to the wonders of the tenth month.

"Pheasants go to sea and are transformed into oysters, and rainbows cease."

Truly a most remarkable people.

Fighting Up-to-date.

In a sham fight which was held in connection with a volunteer camp lately, the invading force was led by an officer whose hand was better suited to the plough than to the sword.

They were marching down a road, and, on turning a sharp corner, they came across the enemy lying but a short distance from them.

"Charge!" commanded the officer.

Away went his men at full speed, and, when they had covered about half the distance to the enemy, they heard their officer shout:

"Come back, come back, the hale pack o' ye; come back to where ye started from, and start ower again. I've forgotten to order ye to fix bayonets."

The Lost Chord.

He was a young man in rooms and he was learning to play the cornet. There was no disputing the earnestness and perseverance of this embryo cornetist.

Every evening during the late July heat wave he threw his window open and blew away at the "Lost Chord." It was ever the "Lost Chord."

In the commercial room of the hotel opposite, the "knights of the road" sat, scribbling off their orders and hurling anathemas at the head of the young man player.

Finally they held a council of war and determined on his destruction.

Cutting off a window cord, they rang for the boots and ordered him to take it across to the musician, with the following note:

"Dear Sir,—Make no more trouble over your 'Lost C(h)ord.' We send you a substitute which we hope you will find long enough.

"We will arrange with the coroner and guarantee a decent burial."

The doleful notes of the "Lost Chord" were not heard in that street afterwards.

His Guarantee.

A contractor who was successful in getting a contract for a drainage scheme for a certain town was asked to meet the authorities, bringing with him his "cautioner," or guarantee man. He did so.

The cautioner, who was a very wealthy man and never very well dressed, was unknown to any of the authorities.

When the contractor appeared, the chairman asked if he had brought with him his cautioner.

He answered:

"There he is," pointing to his shabbily-dressed friend.

The chairman said:

"Of course, Mr. Blank, we require a man of some standing and substantiality to guarantee the performance of this work," meaning thereby the proposed man did not look this.

On hearing this disparaging remark, the millionaire at once stepped forward and said to the meeting:

"What's the price of your town, and I will give you a cheque for it?"

A crusty employer believes that a labourer is worthy of his ire.

Young Spragg: "Mr. Bidquick, I am worth £5,000, and I love your daughter."

Mr. Bidquick (retired auctioneer): "Sold!"

Jess: "Is she so very plain-looking?"

Tess: "Well, I should think so. Why, the girls who went to school with her wouldn't even let her appear in the photograph taken of all the pupils."

Short-sighted but Poetical She: "There, we have trudged up here to admire the beauties of nature; I've forgotten to bring a glass with me."

Unpoetical He: "Never mind, my dear, we can drink out of the flask."

"While my daughter was playing the piano last night a strange man stopped at the door and asked to be allowed to give her half-a-crown."

"Was he such an ardent music-lover?"

"No; he said it was merely a thank offering because he didn't live next door to us."

"Why did you resist when the mob told you to shout '*Vive l'armée!*' ?" said the friendly Parisian who could speak English. "If you had humoured them, they would have let you alone."

"I know that," replied the Britisher with the blackened eye and bruised nose; "but I wasn't going to give away my pronunciation of French before all that crowd."

BRITISH v. RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

Some Points of Difference Between Them.

The improvements in our Army promised by the War Office will no doubt affect the artillery more than any other branch of the service, but while the authorities are dealing with the matter of our Army organisation it would not be a waste of time if they would pay some attention to our cavalry also.

We may rest assured that, while we are busy in South Africa, our chief opponents in Europe—the French and the Russians—will be busy, either jointly or separately, in endeavouring to create trouble for us elsewhere. We already hear of their activity in Egypt, Abyssinia, and Persia; sooner or later we must expect to be brought into conflict with them. How does our cavalry compare with theirs? That is a large question, and in this article we propose to limit ourselves to the Russian cavalry as compared with our own.

Russia is a country peculiarly adapted for the production of cavalry soldiers. It is a country, in the first place, where horses abound; the estimate of foreign experts is that there are 20,000,000 horses within the dominions of the Tsar, of which at least 1,000,000 are suitable for use as saddle horses and consequently available for military service. In the next place, the Russian is by nature more adapted for service both on horseback and on foot than is the case with the natives of other European countries.

At the present time the Russian cavalry comprises 1,078 squadrons, with a total number of 155,000 men, and as might be expected, their cavalry is better provided with horses than any other. The number of horses is given as 160,000, leaving a surplus of animals over men, but in no other European country does the number of animals in times of peace equal the number of men. In this country the proportion is about three horses to four men, and in France, Germany, and Austria the proportion of horses is a trifle larger, Germany being the best off in this respect.

In one respect the British Army has the advantage in the matter of cavalry; that is, in the proportion of mounted soldiers to foot soldiers. In Britain the proportion is as one to eight, but in Russia it is as one to fifteen. But the difference between the total strengths of the British and Russian armies on a war footing is approximately one to four.

How does the British cavalry compare with the figures above given? We have thirty-one regiments of British mounted men, comprising nearly 19,000 officers and men, and thirty-four regiments of Indian native cavalry, comprising about 23,000 men. In addition to these we have thirty-eight regiments of Yeomanry, and two regiments of Volunteer Light Horse, comprising about 12,000 men.

Since the war with Turkey in 1877 the Russian army has been entirely re-organised, and a daring innovation—as it is termed by military experts of other countries—has been introduced into the training of the cavalry. But as a matter of fact it is not so new as is supposed. It consists in training a soldier to act in the dual capacity of cavalryman and infantryman—not after the style of our mounted infantry, who only use horses as a means of locomotion, but absolutely in the two capacities.

The cavalry method of fighting, from 1645 until Frederick the Great introduced the charge or shock tactics, was to advance to close quarters, fire pistols from the saddle, and then commence cutting with the sword. The value of dismounted cavalry able to act as infantry was then recognised, and dragoons armed with muskets were much in vogue until the beginning of the nineteenth century. They then lost favour, and, though all European nations continued to train their troopers to dismount and use their carbines to hold some important point until the arrival of infantry, it was taught that the sword was their proper weapon, and the saddle their proper place.

And now Russia is reverting to the old idea and developing it. In that vast body of mounted men, there are now only two types—the Dragoon and Cossack. As regards the former, the ideal kept in view is to make him an equally efficient fighter, whether mounted or dismounted, in the shock action of the charging horseman as in the fire action of the combatants on foot. The Dragoon is armed with a long rifle to enable him the better to perform this new duty as a foot soldier. The Cossacks represent what we may call the "light" cavalry, but the Russian military authorities are gradually assimilating him to the Dragoon.

The new system has been scathingly attacked by German critics, who say that a tool made to serve two purposes is likely to be good at neither; but this is hardly borne out in machinery and tools, and the Russians are convinced that the idea is working perfectly.

Lord Wolseley would seem to have the same idea as the Russian military experts; for, in speaking of the necessity for a goodly proportion of cavalry in an army corps, he lays particular stress upon the advisability of the men being able to dismount and fight on foot. "—— provided they can fight on foot as well as mounted," and "—— they must make up their minds to fight on foot whenever required to do so," are two quotations from Lord Wolseley in an article on the use of cavalry.

There are of course funny people about. One of these may give you a dummy sealed envelope. The genuine envelopes are of fine linen, sealed with the Editor's seal, and bearing the name of the firm embossed on the flap.——

The Mystery Man.

• By •
William Le Queux.*

CHAPTER XIII.

DICK BECOMES MYSTERIOUS.

THE startling statement of Morris Lowry caused me very considerable uneasiness. On my return to Gray's Inn, however, I made no mention of our strange conversation to Dick, who returned that evening rather late after a heavy day of news-hunting.

Old Lowry had evidently been in a confidential mood that afternoon, and I had no right to expose any secret of his extraordinary business. Therefore I kept my own counsel, pondering deeply over his statement when Cleugh had gone forth to meet Lily, wondering whether it might have been some other woman who had worn the brooch with the five of diamonds.

I sat at the window and gloomily watched the light fade from the leaden London sky. The evening was stifling, for no fresh air penetrated to that small open space, surrounded as it was by miles and miles of smoke-blackened streets, and as night crept on the heavens became a dull red with the reflection of the myriad lights of the city.

Heedless of all, I strove to find some solution of the enigma. Inquiries made by Boyd, one of the shrewdest detectives in London, had failed utterly. He was now relying solely upon me. There was but one clue, that given by the landlord of the house, and this I had followed with the result that the circumstance had only grown more and more bewildering. So far as could be discerned, there was no motive whatever in taking the lives of either the man or the woman, while the escape of Eva was an astounding fact of which I longed for an explanation from her own lips

I loved her. Yes, the more I reflected as I sat there gazing aimlessly across the square regardless of the fleeting time, the more I became convinced that she was all the world to me. I recollected her daintiness and her grace, the sweetness of her smile and the music of her voice, and told myself that she alone was my idol, that my love for Mary had after all been but a mere boyish fancy, and that this affection was a true, honest, deep-rooted one, the outcome of a great and boundless love.

Was there, however, not a great and terrible suspicion upon her? By a mere chance, that chance which Fate sends so often to thwart the murderer's plans or give him up to justice, I had learnt that she—or someone answering exactly to her description—had actually purchased some poisonous compound. I had believed her to have been a victim on that fatal night, but now it seemed that, on the other hand, she was herself given to the study of poisons; a strange subject, indeed, for a woman to take up.

Then calmly I asked myself if it were possible to cast all memory of her aside, and after reflection discovered that such a course was utterly infeasible. To entertain no further thought of her was entirely out of all question, for I loved her with a fierce and intense affection, and thought of nought else but her strange connection with this mystery which, if made public, would send a thrill through London.

There were some very ugly facts hidden somewhere, yet try how I would I could form no distinct straightforward theory. Eva was naive and sincere, frank and open, undesigning and entirely inartificial; nevertheless, beneath her candour she seemed to be concealing some dread secret.

The latter I was determined to discover, and while night drew on, and shadowy figures crossed and re-crossed the square, I still sat plunged in thought, pondering deeply to find some means whereby to approach her.

I loved her—a woman upon whom the gravest suspicion rested of having purchased a deadly drug for some nefarious purpose. Truly in this fitful fever of life the decree of Fate is oft-times strange. Men have loved murderesses, and women have before now given their hearts, nay, even their lives, to shield cowards and assassins.

Suddenly a movement behind me brought me back to a sense of my surroundings, and I saw that Dick had returned.

"Why, you're back very early," I said. "Have you been down to the Crystal Palace?"

"Yes, of course," he answered gaily. "What have you been doing, you lazy beggar? It's past half-past eleven."

"Nothing," I answered, surprised that it was so late. "I tried to write, but it's too beastly hot to work."

"Quite fresh down at the Palace," he answered. "Big crowd on the terrace, and the fireworks not at all bad."

"Lily all right?"

"Yes. Sends her regards, and all that sort of thing. But——" and he hesitated, at the same time tossing his hat across on to a chair and seating himself on the edge of the table in that careless, devil-may-care style habitual to him.

"But what?" I inquired.

He sighed, and a grave expression crossed his face.

"Fact is, old chap," he said in an unusually earnest tone, "I fear I'm getting a bit tired of her. She wasn't the least bit interesting to-night."

"Sorry to hear that, old man," I said. "Perhaps she wasn't very well, or you may be out of sorts—liver or something. A woman isn't always in the same mood, you know, just as a man is liable to attacks of 'blues.'"

"Yes, yes, I know all that," he exclaimed impatiently. "But I've been thinking over it a long time, and, to tell the truth, I'm no longer in love with her. It's no good making a fool of the girl any longer."

"But she loves you," I observed, knowing well in what affection she held my erratic friend.

"That's the worst of it!" he snapped. "To tell the truth it has worried me a lot lately."

"You've neglected her very much," I observed; "but surely she's good-looking, a charming companion, and has a very even temper. You've told me so lots of times. Why have you so suddenly grown tired?"

"I really don't know," he answered, smiling, at the same time slowly filling his pipe. "Perhaps it is my nature. I was always a wanderer, you know."

I looked at him steadily for some moments, then said bluntly:

"Look here, Dick, you needn't conceal the truth from me, old fellow. Mary Blain has attracted you, and you are throwing Lil over on her account."

"Rubbish!" he laughed. "Mary's a nice girl, but as for loving her——" And he shrugged his shoulders without concluding his sentence.

Notwithstanding this protest, however, I felt convinced that I had guessed aright, and regretted because I knew how well Lily loved him, and what a blow it would be to her. She and I had been good friends always, and I liked her, for she was demure, modest, and withal dignified, even though she was but a shop-assistant.

"Well, is it really fair to Lily?" I suggested after a rather painful pause.

"You surely wouldn't advise me to tie myself to a girl I don't love?" he protested rather hastily. "You are a fellow with lots of common-sense, Frank, and your advice I'd follow before that of any chap, I know, but you're a bit wide of the mark here, I think."

"Thanks for the compliment, old fellow," I responded. "Of course, it isn't for me to interfere in your private affairs, but all I advise in this matter is a little hesitation before decision."

"It's useless," he said. "I've already decided."

"To give up Lily?"

"I have given her up. I told her to-night that I shouldn't see her again."

"You did!" I exclaimed, looking at him in surprise. I could not understand this sudden change of his. A few hours before he had been full of Lil's praises, telling me how charming she could be in conversation, and declaring that he loved her very dearly. It was more than remarkable.

"Yes," he said. "You know that I can't bear to beat about the bush, so I resolved to tell her the truth. She'd have to know it some day, and better at once than later on."

"Well, all I can say is that you're a confounded brute," I exclaimed plainly.

"I know I am," he admitted. "That's the worst of it. I'm altogether too outspoken. Any other chap would have simply left her and ended it by letter. I, however, put the matter to her philosophically."

"And how did she take it?"

His lips compressed for an instant as his eyes met mine.

"Badly," he answered in a low voice. "Tears, protestations of love, and quite a scene. Fortunately we were alone in the train. I got out with her at the Elephant and Castle and took her home."

"It seems that you have parted from her in a really cruel and heartless manner. This isn't like you, Dick," I said reproachfully.

"Why, are you her champion?" he asked laughingly. "Are you in love with her?"

"Not at all," I answered him with a smile. "Only I don't like to see a girl badly treated by any friend of mine."

"Oh, that's good!" he laughed. "You've treated girls badly in your time, I suppose. Have a peg, old fellow, and let's close the debate." Then he added in the language of Parliament, where he so often reported the speeches of the Irish members: "I move that this House do now adjourn."

"But I don't consider that you've acted with your usual tact in this affair," I protested, heedless of his words. "You could, of course, have broken it off in a much more honourable way if you had chosen."

"I've been quite honourable," he declared in a tone of annoyance. "I told her plainly that my love had cooled. Hark!" The clock on the Inn Hall was strikin[illegible] midnight, "There's no suspension of the twelve o'clock rule. Shut up. Frank, and go to bed."

He crossed to the side-board, mixed a couple of whiskies and sodas, and handed me one, saying:

"Thirsty weather, this. My mouth's as dry as a kipper."

I willingly admitted that the summer dust of London was conducive to the wholesale consumption of liquid, but was nevertheless reflecting upon his remarkable change of manner towards Lily. Something, I believed, had occurred of which he had not told me.

He stretched himself in the arm-chair, placed his glass at his elbow, and began to blow a suffocating cloud from his most cherished briar.

"I wish you'd spend sixpence on a new pipe," I said, coughing.

"This one cost fourpence-halfpenny in Fleet Street nearly two years ago," he answered without removing it from his lips. "Don't you like it?"

"My dear fellow, it's awful."

"Ah! So they said at the office the other day. Don't notice it myself."

"But others do. I'll make you a present of a new one to-morrow."

"Don't want it, old chap. Have a drink yourself with the money. This one's quite good enough for me. Besides, it'll keep the moths out of our drawing-room furniture," and he gazed around the shabby apartment, where from the leather-covered chairs the mysterious stuffing was in many places peeping forth upon the world.

We smoked on. Although I had been considerably annoyed by what he had told me regarding Lily his imperturbable good humour caused me to laugh outright, whereat he observed:

"You're really a very funny beggar, Frank. I like you exceedingly except when you try and dwell upon themes you don't understand. Those who do that are apt to wallow out of their depth. You don't know my reasons for throwing Lil over, therefore it's impossible for you to regale me with any good advice—you understand."

"But what are your reasons?" I inquired.

"You shall know them before long," he assured me. "At present I don't intend to say anything."

"This is the first time, Dick, we've had secrets from one another," I observed gravely.

"No," he answered. "You love the mysterious Eva, and have never told me so. That's a secret, isn't it?"

I was surprised that he had detected my love for her, and rather alarmed, because if he had noticed it others had doubtless remarked it also. Therefore I questioned him, but he only laughed, saying:

"Why, anybody who saw you together down at Riverdene couldn't fail to guess the truth. People have sharp eyes, you know."

I was silent. If this were actually true, then I feared I had made a hopeless fool of myself, besides wrecking any chance of eliciting those facts which I had set my mind upon revealing at any hazard.

Presently he rose, crossing to his writing-table to scribble a letter, while I, lighting a cigarette, sat silent, still thinking seriously upon the words he had just uttered.

Through the veil of tobacco smoke I seemed to see that fair, smiling face gazing at me, ever the same open countenance, the same clear eyes of child-like blue, the same half-parted mouth that I had first seen on that fatal night in Phillimore Place. In my dream I thought that she beckoned me to her, that she invited me to speak with her, and I saw in her eyes a calm, sweet expression, the expression of true womanly love. It was but the chimera of an instant, a vision produced by my wildly-disordered brain, yet so vivid it seemed that when it faded I glanced across to my companion's bent figure, half fearing that he, too, had witnessed it.

There are times when our imagination plays us such tricks, times when the constant concentration of the mind reaches its climax, and is reflected down the aimless vista of our vision, causing us to see the person upon whom our thoughts are centred. Such a moment was this. It aroused within me an instant and intense longing to walk again at her side, to speak with her, to hear her sweet, well-modulated voice, nay, to tell her the deepest secret of my heart.

Thus it was that without invitation, or without previous introduction to Lady Glaslyn, I called at the Hollies on the following afternoon. A neat maid showed me into a cosy, rather small sitting-room, and for a few moments I remained there in expectancy. Although the house was not a large one it bore no stamp of the *nouveau riche*. It was exceedingly well-furnished, and surrounded by spacious grounds wherein were a number of old yews and beeches.

Old-fashioned, queer in its bygone taste, it had stood there on the broad highway from historic Hampton to London for probably a century and a half, being built in the days when the villadom of Fulwell had not yet arisen, and Twic'nam was still a quiet village, with its historic ferry, and where the stage-coaches changed horses at that low-built old hostelry, the King's Head.

The place stood back from the dusty high-road, half-

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READ THIS BEFORE YOU BEGIN THE STORY.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Inspector Patterson, a member of the Kensington police force, who discovered the bodies of a man and woman in a house in Upper Phillimore Place, his attention having been attracted by seeing a snake in the garden.

Frank Urwin, a reporter, and friend of Patterson, with whom he went to examine the scene of the tragedy before reporting at headquarters.

Dick Cleugh, the "Mystery Man," a friend of Urwin, and also a reporter.

Divisional-Inspector Boyd, of the Kensington Police, to whom the affair was reported.

Eva Glaslyn, the woman whom Urwin and Patterson declared they saw lying dead in the house in Phillimore Place.

Mary Blain, formerly the fiancee of Urwin. Her mother had hired the house which was the scene of the tragedy.

SUMMARY.

While Urwin and Patterson are examining the house a telephone bell rings, and a conversation takes place between Urwin and someone who seems to be connected with the tragedy. Urwin arranges to meet the unknown person in St. James' Park the following day. The two men now report the affair to headquarters, and then return to the house, when they are astounded to see that the body of the woman, who, when first seen, had fair hair and complexion, has now developed into a dark-haired, dark-complexioned woman. The next day Urwin goes to the Park, and after waiting some time in vain he sees a tall, fair woman, whom he recognises as the one who was first found in the house in Upper Phillimore Place. He follows her, and finds that she lives at Hampton, and that her name is Eva Glaslyn.

On the evening of this same day Urwin and Cleugh receive an invitation to spend the day with the Blains at Shepperton. They accept the invitation, and while they are there Eva Glaslyn comes over from Hampton to call.

One afternoon, later on in the summer, Urwin goes to see Morris Lowry—a herbalist in the Walworth Road—the father of Cleugh's fiancee, and learns from him that some time previously he sold some poisonous herbs to a girl answering to the description of Eva Glaslyn.

——Moreover the initials of a director are signed in one corner, and the number of the Ten Pound Man is written in another corner.

hidden from the curious gaze. Yet surrounded as it now was by smaller houses, some of them mere cottages, while a few cheap shops had also sprung up in the vicinity, the place was not really a desirable place of abode. The district had apparently sadly degenerated, like all places in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis.

Before long the door opened, and Eva, looking cool and sweet in a washing dress of white drill, and wearing a straw hat with black band, entered and greeted me cordially.

"Mother is out," she said. "I'm so awfully sorry, as I wanted to introduce you. She's gone over to Riverdene, and I, too, was just about to follow her. If you'd been five minutes later I should have been gone."

"I'm lucky then to have just caught you," I remarked. "But if you are going to Riverdene may I not accompany you?"

"Most certainly," she answered. "Of course, I shall be delighted," and the light in her clear blue eyes told me that she was not averse to my company. She brought a glass of port for me, and then said: "It's a whole week since you've been down there. Mary has several times mentioned you and wondered whether you'd grown sick of boating."

"I've been rather busy," I said apologetically.

"Busy with murders and all sorts of horribles, I suppose," she observed with a smile.

"Yes," I answered, regarding her closely. "Of late there have been one or two sensational mysteries brought to light."

"Mysteries!" she exclaimed, starting slightly. "Oh, do tell me about them. I'm always interested in mysteries."

"The facts are in the papers," I answered, disinclined to repeat stories which had already grown stale. The mysteries to which I referred were very ordinary ones, containing no features of particular interest.

"I'm always interested in those kind of things," she said. "You may think me awfully foolish, but I always read them. Mother grows so annoyed."

"It's only natural," I answered. "We who are engaged on newspapers, however, soon cease to be interested in the facts we print, but of course if they didn't interest the public the papers wouldn't have any circulation."

She glanced at me, and a vague thought possessed me, for the look in her eyes was one of suspicion.

When she had drawn on her gloves, we together went forth through the garden and down to the road. Suddenly it occurred to me that we might go by train to Shepperton, and there take a boat and row up to Riverdene. This I suggested, and she gladly welcomed the proposal, declaring that it would be much more pleasant than driving along the dusty, shadowless road from Shepperton to Laleham.

Half-an-hour later we were afloat at Shepperton, and although the afternoon sun was blazing hot it was nevertheless delightful on the water. With her lilac sunshade open she lolled lazily in the stern, laughing and chatting as I pulled regularly against the stream. Her conversation was always charming, and her countenance, I thought, fresher and more beautiful at that hour than I had ever before seen.

We had passed both locks and were heading up to Laleham when we suddenly glided into the cool shade of some willows, the boughs of which overhung the stream. The shadow was welcome after the sun-glare, and resting upon the oars I removed my hat.

"Yes," she said, noticing my action, "we've come up unusually quickly. Let's stay here a little time, it is so pleasant. The breeze seems quite cool."

So we remained there beneath the willows where the water was white with lilies and the bank with its brambles was covered with wild flowers, and as I "lazed" I looked into those clear blue eyes wherein my gaze became lost, for she held me in fascination. I loved her with all my soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

This Hapless World.

How it really came about I can scarcely tell. I remember uttering mere commonplace stammering at first as the bashful schoolboy stammers, then growing more bold, until at length I threw all ceremony and reserve to the winds, and grasping her tiny hand, raised it to my lips.

"No," she said, somewhat coldly, drawing it away with more force than I should have suspected. "This is extremely foolish, Mr. Urwin. It is, of course, my fault. I've been wrong in acting as I have done."

"How?" I inquired, her harsh, cruel words easily bringing me to my senses.

"You have flirted with me on several occasions, and perhaps I have even foolishly encouraged you. If I have done so then I am alone to blame. Every woman is flattered by attention," she answered, gazing straight into my eyes, and sighing slightly.

"But I love you!" I cried. "You surely must have seen, Eva, that from the first day we were introduced I have been irrevocably yours. I have not, I assure you, uttered these words without weighty consideration, nor without calmly putting the question to myself. Can you give me absolutely no hope?"

She shook her head. There was a sorrowful expression upon her face as though she pitied me.

"None!" she cried, and her great blue eyes were downcast.

"Ah, no," I cried in quick protest, "don't say that! I love you with a fierce, ardent affection such as few men have within their hearts. If you will but reciprocate that love then I swear that the remainder of my life shall be devoted to you."

"It is impossible!" she responded in a harsh, despairing voice quite unlike her usual self. Her head was bowed as though she dare not again look into my face.

Once more I caught her hand, holding it within my grasp. It seemed to have grown cold, and in an instant its touch brought back to me the recollection of that fatal night in Kensington. Would that I might lay bare all that I knew, and ask her for an explanation; but to do so would be to show that I doubted her, therefore I was compelled to remain silent.

"Why impossible?" I inquired persuasively. "The many times we have met since our first introduction have only served to increase my love for you. Surely you will not withhold from me every hope?"

"Alas," she faltered, with a downward sweep of her lashes, her hand trembling in mine, "I am compelled."

"Compelled?" I echoed. "I don't understand. You are not engaged to Langdale?"

"No."

"Then why are you forced to give me this negative answer?" I asked in deep earnestness, for until then I had not known the true strength of my love for her.

The seriousness of her beautiful countenance relaxed slightly; still her breast slowly heaved and fell, plainly showing the agitation within her.

"Because it is absolutely imperative that I should do so," she replied.

Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind.

"Perhaps," I said, "perhaps I've been too precipitate. If so—if I have spoken too frankly and plainly—forgive me, Eva. It is only because I can no longer repress the great love I bear you. I think of you always—always. My every thought is of you, my every hope is of happiness at your side, my very life depends upon your favour and your love."

"No, no," she cried, with a quick movement of her hand as if to stay my words; "don't say that. You may remain my friend if you like—but you may never be my lover—never!"

"Never your lover!" I gasped, starting back as though she had dealt me a blow. I felt at that moment as though all I appreciated in life was slipping from me. I had staked all—everything—and lost. "Ah, do not give me this hasty answer," I urged. "I have been too eager—I am a fool. Yet I love you with a stronger, fiercer passion than any man can ever love you, Eva. You are my very life." And, notwithstanding her effort to snatch her hand away, I raised it again reverently to my lips.

"No, no. This is a mere summer dream, Mr. Urwin," she said with a cool firmness well assumed, although she averted my gaze. "I have flirted with you it is true, and we have spent many pleasant hours together, but I have never taken you seriously. You were always so merry and careless, you know."

"You did not believe then, that I really loved you?" I observed, divining her thoughts.

"Exactly," she answered, still very grave. "If I had thought so I should never have allowed our acquaintance to ripen as it has done."

"Are you annoyed that I should have declared what is but the absolute truth?" I asked.

"Not at all," she responded quickly, with something of her old self in her low, sweet voice. "How can I be annoyed?"

"And you will forgive my hasty declaration?" I urged.

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied, smiling. "I only regret that you have misconstrued my friendship into love."

I was silent. These last words of hers crushed all hope from my soul. She sat with her hand trailing listlessly in the water, apparently intent upon the long rushes waving in the green depths below.

"Then," I said in a disappointed voice, half-choked with emotion, "then you cannot love me, Eva, after all."

"I did not say so," she answered slowly, almost mechanically.

"What!" I cried joyously, again leaning forward towards her. "Will you, then, try and love me—will you defer your answer until we know one another better? Say that you will."

Again she shook her head with sorrowful air. She looked at me with a kind of mingled grief and joy, bliss embittered by despair.

"Why should I deceive you?" she asked. "Why, indeed, should you deceive yourself?"

"I do not deceive myself," I protested. "I only know that I adore you—that you are the sole light of my life, and that I love you devotedly."

"Ah! And in a month, perhaps, you will tell a similar story to some other woman," she observed doubtingly. "Men are too often fickle."

"I swear that I'll never do that," I declared. "My affairs of the heart have been few."

"But Mary?" she suggested, and I knew from her tone that she had been thinking deeply of her.

"Ours was a mere boy and girl liking," I hastened to assure her. "Ask her and she will tell you the same. We never really loved."

She smiled rather dubiously I thought.

"But surely you are aware that she loves you even now," Eva answered.

"Loves me!" I echoed in surprise. "That's absolutely ridiculous. Since we parted not a single word of affection has even been uttered between us."

"And you actually do not love her?" she said in deep earnestness, looking straight into my eyes. "Are you really certain?"

"I do not," I answered. "I swear I don't."

The boat was drifting, and with a swift stroke of the oars I ran her bows into the bank. Overhead the larks were singing their joyous songs, and the hot air seemed to throb with the humming of a myriad insects. The afternoon was gloriously fine, and away in the meadow on the opposite bank a picnic party were busy preparing their tea amid peals of feminine laughter.

"Well," she sighed, "I can only regret that you have spoken as you have to-day. I regret the more because I esteem your friendship highly, Mr. Urwin. We might have been friends, but lovers we may never be."

"Why never?" I inquired, acutely disappointed.

"There are circumstances which entirely prevent such a course," she answered. "Unfortunately, it is impossible for me to be more explicit."

"So you are prevented by some utterly inexplicable circumstances from loving me?" I observed, greatly puzzled.

"Yes," she responded, toying with the tassel of her sunshade.

"But tell me, Eva," I asked hoarsely, again grasping her chilly, nervous hand. "Can you never love me? Are you actually convinced that in your own heart you have no spark of affection for me?"

She paused, then glanced at me. I fancied I saw in her blue eyes the light of unshed tears.

"Your question is rather a difficult one," she faltered. "Even if I reciprocated your love our positions would not be altered. We should still be alienated as we now are."

"Why?"

"Because—because we may not love each other," she answered in a low, strained voice, the voice of a woman terribly agitated. "Let us part to-day and never again meet. It will be best for both of us—far the best."

"No," I cried, intensely in earnest. "I cannot leave you, Eva, because I love you far too dearly. If you cannot love me now, then bear with me a little, and you will later learn to love me."

"In one year, nay in ten, my answer must of necessity be the same as it is to-day," she responded, "a negative one."

"As vague as it is cruel," I observed.

"Its vagueness is imperative," she said. "You are loved by another, and I have therefore no right to a place in your heart."

"You are cruel, Eva!" I cried reproachfully. "My love for Mary Blain has been dead these three years. By mutual consent we gave each other freedom, and since that hour all has been over between us."

"But what if Mary still loves you?" she suggested. "You were once her affianced husband."

"True," I said. "But even if she again loves me she has no further claim whatever upon me, for we mutually agreed to separate, and have both long been free."

"And if she thought that I loved you?" Eva asked.

In an instant I guessed the reason of her disinclination to listen to my avowal. She feared the jealousy of her friend.

"She would only congratulate us," I answered. "Surely you have no cause for uneasiness in that direction?"

"Cause for uneasiness!" she repeated, starting, while at the same instant the colour died from her sweet face. Next second, however, she recovered herself, and with a forced smile said: "Of course I have no cause. Other circumstances, however, prevent us being more than friends."

"And may I not be made aware of them?" I inquired in vague wonder.

"No," she said quickly, "not now. It is quite impossible."

"But all my future depends upon your decision," I urged. "Do not answer lightly, Eva. You must surely have seen that I love you."

"Yes," she answered, sighing, "I confess to having seen it. Every woman knows instinctively when she is loved and when despised. The knowledge has caused me deep and poignant regret."

"Why?"

"Because," and she hesitated, "because I have dreaded this day. I feared to tell you the truth."

"You haven't told me the truth," I said, looking her straight in the face.

"I have," she protested.

"The truth is, then, that you would love me only you dare not," I said clearly. "Is that so?"

She nodded, her eyes again downcast, and I saw that hot tears were in them, tears she was unable longer to repress.

When the heart is fullest of love and the mouth purest with truth, there seems a cruel destiny in things which often renders our words worst chosen and surest to defeat the ends they seek.

"Then whom do you fear?" I asked after a pause.

She shook her head. Only a low sob escaped her.

"May we not love in secret," I suggested, "if it is really impossible to love openly?"

"No, no!" she cried, lifting her white hand in protest. "We must not love. I tell you that it is all a dream—impossible of realisation. To-day we must part. Leave me—and we will both forget this meeting."

"But surely you will not deliberately wreck both our lives, Eva," I cried dismayed. "Your very words have betrayed that you really entertain some affection for me, although you deny it for reasons that are inexplicable. Why not be quite plain and straightforward, as I am?"

"I have been quite clear," she answered. "I tell you that we can never love one another."

"Why?"

"For a reason which some day ere long will be made plain to you," she answered in a low voice, her pure countenance at that moment drawn and ashen pale. "In that day you will hate my very name, and yet will think kindly of my memory because I to-day have refused to listen to you, and have given you your freedom."

"And yet you actually love me!" I exclaimed, bewildered at this strange allegation. "It is most extraordinary."

"It may seem extraordinary," she said in a voice that appeared to sound soft and afar, "but the truth is oft-times strange, especially when one is draining the cup of life to its very dregs."

"And may I not know this secret of yours, Eva?" I asked sympathetically, for I saw by her manner how she was suffering a torture of the soul.

"My secret!" she cried, glaring at me suddenly as one brought to bay, a strange, haunted look in those clear blue eyes. "My secret! Why," and she laughed a hollow, artificial laugh as one hysterical, "why how absurd you are, Mr. Urwin. Whatever made you suspect me of having secrets?"

(To be continued.)

Fresh developments of the Ten Pound Note Scheme will be announced next week.

6 £10 NOTES CLAIMED.

The fun has now begun, and the Ten-Pound Men are being caught wholesale.

WILL IT BE YOUR TURN NEXT TO CATCH ONE AND MAKE £10?

Last week we gave details of the manner in which £10 Notes were claimed by Mr. John Lotan, 22 St. Anne's Chambers, Ludgate Hill, and Cliffs-Inspector Lee, 1 Agnes Terrace, St. Mary's Avenue, Southend. This week we publish accounts of the capture of £10 Notes Nos. 12, 30, and 36 respectively:

Report of ROBERT GA' TIER, of 132 Clarence Road, Wimbledon, Winner of £10 No. 36.

Last Monday morning I was out on business, and, having a copy of the EXPRESS on me, showed the announcement of the *Pearson's Weekly* Ten-Pound Note Scheme to a partner of a firm which I was visiting, asking him what he thought of it. He replied: "I think it's rather a good scheme, and ought to catch on well; it's such an easy way of making money. I suppose you will be going about with a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* soon and asking everyone the question: "Have you got that £10 note?"

On Thursday morning I was calling at the same house, and, producing a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* (to which I have been a subscriber for some years) from my pocket, I showed the same man as I had seen before the front page of the paper, and said to him: "Have you got that £10 note?" never for a moment expecting that he had.

What was my surprise, however, when he drew from his pocket a sealed envelope with the number "36" and initials "C. A. P." on it and handed it to me, and I at once sent it to *Pearson's Weekly* to get the £10 note.

It is needless to add, Mr. Editor, that this surprise present is a very welcome one.

Report of CHARLES LEE, 1 Agnes Terrace, St. Mary's Avenue, Southend, Winner of £10 No. 27.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your telegram re my claim of Sealed Envelope.

I am Cliffs-Inspector and superintendent of gardens to the Southend Corporation. I met your representative on the cliffs, near the Admiralty Flagstaff, overlooking the Happy Valley, where Mr. Bolton's benefit concert was in progress between seven and eight yesterday evening.

I read *Pearson's* every week, also the DAILY EXPRESS, so jokingly asked several people, "Have you that £10?" before I had the good fortune to ask your representative. Many thanks for your kind congratulations. It is surprising how these things do happen, for it was far from my thoughts that the gentleman I addressed was in possession of the coveted missive.

Report of Ten-Pound Man No. 27 appeared last week.

Report of CHARLES WRIGHT, of 30 Oxford Gardens, North Kensington, Winner of £10 No. 12.

I must tell you how I won one of the £10 notes. I never had such a stroke of luck. I am head partner of our firm, Messrs. Wright and Thomas, of 6 Farringdon Avenue, City. I had been travelling in the interests of our firm, doing the principal towns on the South Coast, and was winding up my trip at Southampton.

It was late in the afternoon, and I happened to be in the smoking-room at my hotel—the Crown—chatting away with some four or five other commercials, talking about things in general.

Well, then, after talking "shop" and politics and other things, keeping matters going with the application of a few tonsil lubricators and puffing away at our pipes, whilst two or three of us were reading at the same time, one of our number touched on newspaper competitions and the like, and we generally agreed that Pearson's was the most go-ahead firm in that way, and thought that they must put into the pockets of the public some thousands a year in the way of prizes.

Now, I am a constant reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, and had just purchased my copy containing the announcement of the £10 note men being "let loose all over the country," and so, with that instinct born of the commercial man, I asked my friends all round if one of them had *Pearson's* £10 note on him.

One of them surprised me by telling me that "he was the man," and you can imagine my surprise when he produced the sealed packet and handed it to me with his congratulations. I thought he was joking.

Two or three of the travellers, seeing me rather sceptical, offered to buy my chance for £5, but, knowing that you do not play jokes on the public, I made up my mind not to sell.

I have received the £10 note, and I thank you for your congratulations.

Report of TEN-POUND MAN No. 12.

I wired you yesterday afternoon from Southampton that Mr. Charles Wright, of 30 Oxford Gardens, North Kensington, had received my £10 envelope. The affair happened as follows: Between one and two I went to the Crown Hotel, High Street, Southampton, to get luncheon. While the cold collation was being got ready I strolled into the smoking-room bar. At the time there was seated at one of the tables four gentlemen; one, whom I understood was the proprietor, was showing *Pearson's Weekly* to his friends and explaining the scheme, and he turned round and smiled at me. I at once thought "he suspects me, and is going to ask for that envelope," but he did not.

Well, after luncheon I came back to the smoking-room bar before leaving, and while seated I noticed another gentleman reading a *Pearson's Weekly*. He got into conversation with me, showed me the page with the scheme in about the £10 gift, and smilingly said "Have you got that Ten Pound Note?" I at once produced it from my pocket-book, and said "You're a lucky man."

At first the gentleman laughed and said it was all bunkum, and asked what trick I was playing. I told him that it was no trick, but that he had won £10. He opened the envelope and then did not seem to believe in me, and then he asked me for my name and address.

I told him that I could not give them as per my instructions; and, although he wrote to you at once and treated several gentlemen, he still said he could not believe it was genuine that he would get £10.

Report of W. W. TONKIN, 5 Grove Road, Brixton, S.W., Winner of £10 No. 30.

I have been trying for that £10 ever since I saw the first announcement. I don't know how many people I asked. The other evening I happened to be at a friend's house in Brixton, and met several people there, some of whom I had never seen before. The conversation turned on the subject of Pearson's Ten-Pound Scheme, and, as I never lost a chance of asking someone, I showed a copy of the paper to each of those present, never dreaming that one of them actually had a Sealed Envelope on his person.

I was never more surprised in my life when he produced the odd-shaped envelope and handed it to me. I thought it was a joke on his part; but the linen envelope, and seals, and initials being all in order, I opened it, and now beg to make formal application for the £10 therein mentioned.

Report of TEN-POUND MAN No. 30.

Since receiving your sealed envelope No. 30 I have travelled between Thornton Heath and Victoria every morning and evening, and about the West-end all day long, expecting every person I met would present a revolver and demand me to stand and deliver that £10 note.

When this nervous feeling had worn off, I dared to look around me, and found folks going about as though there did not exist such a journal as *Pearson's Weekly*, or such an article as a £10 note, and I began to breathe once more.

Like the proverbial thief, however, who thinks he is perfectly safe after eluding capture for a time, I was suddenly pounced upon on Friday night about 9 p.m. by Mr. Tonkin, of 5 Grove Road, Brixton, S.W., who, pointing to the notice in *P.W.*, said: "May I ask if you have that £10 note?" to which persuasive request I had to hand over the sealed envelope entitling him to receive the above-mentioned £10.

The space at our disposal is very limited, and it is impossible to publish more than one of the reports from the thirty-five Ten-Pound men. Reports have been received from the following places, some of which have already appeared in the *Daily Express*:

No. 2, Leeds; No. 4, Newcastle-on-Tyne; No. 5, Douglas, Isle of Man; No. 8, Sheffield; No. 9, Greenwich; No. 10, Islington and Dalston; No. 14, Brighton; No. 53, Herne Hill and City; No. 12, Southampton; No. 18, Plymouth and Devonport; No. 30, Croydon; No. 27, Southend; No. 28, Barnet; No. 32, Woking and Guildford; No. 24, West London; No. 22, Manchester; No 23, Preston; No. 44, Glasgow; No. 37, Crouch End; No. 31, Margate; No. 19, East London.

BIRMINGHAM.—No. 15 writes:

To-day I started out early and went to the New Street Station Bridge, where I watched the crowds hurrying along. Twice I thought I was "spotted," but on each occasion I was only asked the way to "Platform 5."

After a while I went out of the station and walked down Hurst Street, and outside the Empire Music Hall I took a map of Birmingham out of my pocket and studied it. While doing so a policeman came across the road to me and asked what part of the city I wanted. When I saw him coming up to me I felt certain *Pearson's Weekly* would have to pay £10. But after all it was only a false alarm.

After walking through several streets I came out again by the railway station, and went into the Exchange Restaurant, where I had rather a fierce argument with a smart young man dressed in a blue serge suit, check cap, and brown boots, as to whether the DAILY MAIL or the DAILY EXPRESS gave the best racing tips.

During the argument the barmaid smashed a glass, and the smart young man and myself were blamed for it.

After that I bade farewell to my newly-found friend and went off down Corporation Street, took a 'bus to Five Ways, went for a walk, bought a copy of ANSWERS, and then mounted a 'bus going to Haggle Road.

When I reached the end of the journey I went for a long walk in the neighbourhood of Haggle, and right back to the Kardomah Café, in Birmingham, where I sat opposite to a gentleman with dark hair and wearing glasses, and dressed in a light summer suit, who seemed to be very interested in reading my advertisement in the DAILY ARGUS.

Presently he showed the advertisement to a dark young lady-assistant, who said she would keep her eyes open, and here I was sitting within three yards of her!

Here is One of the Experiences of a Reader in Search of a Ten-Pound Note. Several other Experiences have already been Published in the *Daily Express*.

WEST COAST AND GLASGOW.

THE OLD SCOTTIE WAS SCEPTICAL.

I AM a commercial traveller, travelling between Birmingham and Inverness, *via* the West Coast. The other day I had to go to Annan. Arriving there I proceeded to do my business, during the course of which I put the ever-present question to a customer, who retorted that he "did not owe my firm £10, and if we could not keep our books in a better manner than that, I could close the account."

This and many other equally amusing replies did I receive on asking the question, one man telling me "that lending £10 note was out at present, but if it came in this time next year I should have a chance at it." Another said that I could make five £10 notes if I would put a certain amount on a horse for a certain race; while a third, evidently a suspicious individual, remarked:

"A' ken weel a' about they confidence treecks, but ye'll no play ye-re pranks on me, ye ken. A' let a body hand two and sax-pence in Lunnon twenty-three year sin' last Glasga' fair, an' after missin' ma train an' wa'tin' four hours, ye ken, a' hed tae pay fu' fare back. Na, na, ye ken ye're gey sharp in Lunnon, but ye're no gettin' mair than that twa and saxpence."

But I do not despair; here I am in Glasgow, and surely there is one in the second city in the kingdom with that voucher.

A. M.

[Yes, there is. I wonder if you'll catch him?—Ed.]

What One Winner is Going to Do with His £10 Note!

Mr. John Lotan, lavatory attendant at Ludgate Hill Station, who claimed £10 No. 33, says:—

The railway company is giving me leave of absence, and I am going to take my wife and children and myself to Margate. We couldn't have gone there or anywhere else to the seaside if I hadn't had this money. My wife and children will stay there for a few days longer than I. They deserve it, bless 'em, for their annual seaside-outing hitherto up to the present meant a day now and then in the season; that's all. Now they can stay for a week.

I never knew so much happiness as there is at home just now. That's what your money has done for us, and I can't say how thankful we are to the editor for it.

I am 52 years of age and have been a railway man all my life. I started at Euston when I was sixteen. I am a Northampton man. My father was one of the first guards to enter the service of the L. and N.W. on its first formation, and he was guard of the Liverpool express for twenty-seven years. He went on to railway work straight from the old coaches, and was for many years guard of the Oundle to London coach.

[Next week we will tell you what the other winners will do with their £10.]

Have you got that £10 note?

40 £10 NOTES GOING BEGGING.

YOU CAN HAVE ONE FOR THE ASKING.

The Editor has selected 40 men (five have been added since last week) in whom he has absolute confidence, and has given to each of them a sealed linen envelope containing a letter signed by himself, entitling the first person seeing this envelope to the sum of £10. To receive the envelope it is only necessary to show this page of *Pearson's Weekly* to any of the men carrying the envelopes.

THE "TEN-POUND MEN"

Will travel by the train, tram, and 'bus.
Will wear ordinary clothes.
Will stop at all sorts of hotels.
Will smoke and drink.
Will look in shop windows.
Will attend places of entertainment.
Will loaf about the beach or parks.
In fact, will behave just like ordinary mortals.

They will wander about our big cities, they will alight from trains at wayside stations, and walk about villages and small towns, and they will altogether give every opportunity to people to get those £10 notes.

If you are at this moment in the train,

ONE OF THESE MEN MAY BE OPPOSITE YOU, OR SITTING NEXT TO YOU!

Just casually show him this page. If he's one of them you'll get £10.

You will at once say: "Oh, yes, but I might ask a thousand people, and yet not get the right one."

Of course you might; but then, you might ask three persons and the third might be the right one. These men may converse with you on any subjects but those which will give you a hint regarding the ten pounds, unless you broach such subject yourself.

FIVE TEN-POUND LADIES

have now been dispatched all over the country; each of them is, needless to say, very charming, and will give up the Sealed Envelope to the lady who fulfils the conditions mentioned in this week's *Pearson's Weekly*. No gentlemen need apply. The ladies will go where the Ten-Pound Men go, and do what the Ten-Pound Men do, except that they will not smoke and drink.

They will travel by the train.
Will stop at all sorts of hotels.
Will certainly look in shop windows—mostly those of milliners.
Will dress quietly.
Will eat chocolates and other sweetmeats.
In fact, will behave just like ordinary, nice ladies.

COMEDIANS WHEN ON THE STAGE, who care to hold up the current copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and ask the audience collectively, instead of individually: "Have you got that ten-pound note?" will receive the Sealed Envelope, should one of the Ten-Pound Men chance to be in the theatre at the time. As previously announced, these men will visit places of entertainment in all the towns they visit.

RAILWAY MEN should see our announcement in the current number of the "Railway Herald." They will find there something to interest them.

This copy is available from 5 p.m. Friday, September 14th, 1900, until midnight Saturday, September 22nd.

A Shipload of Lunatics

The Most Extraordinary Voyage Ever Known, Described by a Medical Passenger.

Of late years there is no mental disease which has occupied the attention of brain specialists more than hallucinations.

The competition to get on, especially amongst public men, is so fierce that mental disorders of the most distressing kind unknown in the last century are rapidly on the increase.

Not that persons so afflicted are mad. People subject to hallucinations are simply victims of certain false perceptions engendering a belief in something which has no existence outside the senses.

The ordinary sea voyage having been found to work many cures, it was resolved by several gentlemen some months since to see what a sea voyage with suitable medical treatment could effect.

So an ocean-going steamer was chartered, and started on a trip round the world, with a party of some forty ladies and gentlemen, exclusive of medical men—of whom I was one—on board.

Every passenger was the victim of some hallucination, and they all knew that their ultimate recovery not only depended on the voyage, but largely on the efforts they put forth themselves.

The shyness which characterised my patients soon wore off, and before we had been at sea a week all were at their ease chatting about their symptoms with refreshing candour. A more varied assortment of delusions it would have been impossible to have got together. Those who

FOUND NO SCOPE AT SEA

for the exercise of their delusions soon recovered.

One of the quickest recoveries was that of a stockbroker whose fortunes so rose and fell during the Baring crisis that he presently developed a belief that any street in which he was walking divided as he passed along into two halves, one presenting a steep ascent, the other a steep descent. He used generally, so I was told by his wife, to choose the ascent, and, to the amusement of the spectators, toil along the level thoroughfare as if he were going uphill. There being no streets at sea the weakened nerves which had conveyed the impression to the optic nerve soon recovered tone, and on reaching Bombay he returned to England overland cured.

The spirit of emulation which this speedy recovery gave birth to worked splendid cures through the will-power invoked.

"I know my husband is not sitting in that chair," a lovely young widow would say to me; "but I find it so difficult to persuade myself that the sight can deceive me. When I approach what I think is my husband, my hand so expects to rest itself on the dear one's shoulder that I cannot prevent it dropping when it finds nothing there."

I made her walk through the phantom figure and chair whenever they appeared, with no result. At last I discovered that

SHE CARRIED A PORTRAIT

of her late husband. This I confiscated, and, making the chef feign indisposition, persuaded her to take his place till she recovered. Distraction was what she wanted, and cooking for fifty people supplied her with more than sufficient. In a fortnight she was well.

I had a similar experience with a well-known M.P. who, when rehearsing his speeches in the seclusion of his library, had so ardently desired to see himself in the act of delivering them in the House that the morbid persistency with which he dwelt on the wish so exhausted the nerve centre—making it in the softening very impressionable—that at last he could project from his inner consciousness a perfect bodily double of himself, and not only see but hear the phantom delivering the speech which he himself had learnt by heart.

How he smuggled on board the small book in which his speeches were pasted I do not know. After I had thrown it overboard I rigged him out a sailor. Eight hours a day helping the man at the wheel settled the "double" and restored the M.P.'s mind to its normal healthy tone.

Another case was that of a locomotive engine driver who years before had run over a man who had strayed on the line. So persistently had he dwelt on this mishap that at last he came to believe that the same accident daily befel him. The railway company took no notice of this, but when it came to stopping the train for non-existent obstacles his friends obtained him twelve months' leave of absence. This was a difficult case. The nerve tissues were so weakened that, locomotives on sea being impossible, he got to believe that we were constantly running down small boats. Curiously enough he infected one of the crew—a weak-minded, impressionable sort of fellow—who told me one day "that he had warned the crew that the sun would fall on the vessel if they made the least noise when passing the meridian."

Just as mental repose and physical labour cured the M.P. so no manual work and plenty of arithmetic brought the weak-minded seaman and the engine-driver to their senses.

A young lady, who from too much novel reading, had got to believe that she was the heroine of a novelette, and to prevent being abducted by a wealthy duke, had been wont to hide in coal cellars, garrets of houses, and other queer places, agreed with me that the duke would probably become disheartened if he saw her cleaning out the cabins daily, and waiting at dinner. It must have been a pleasant illusion, for there was a twinge of regret in her voice one day when she told me "that there was no fear of her being abducted now, as the duke the last time she saw him had looked at her with ill-concealed scorn."

On board there was a retired merchant who from too suddenly relinquishing an active life, had become the prey of fancies, one of which was to imagine himself a grain of corn liable to be picked up by any chance fowl. On land the mere sight of a rooster sent him into paroxysms of fear. Even the birds we met at sea occasioned him some alarm, till I pointed out that sea birds could know nothing of seeds. At Naples I ventured, impelled by some of the party who were growing weary of meat, to introduce some poultry on board. The poor fellow turned so deadly pale when he saw them that to reassure him I threw a bucket of salt water over him, whispering: "It's all right;

FOWLS HATE SALT WATER."

The next day after drenching him again I persuaded him to pluck a couple of fowl for dinner and the following to take a live one in his hands on promising that the salt water should be used the moment he was in danger.

As soon as he began to think he might after all escape his doom I knew that the enfeebled tissue was slowly hardening.

Perhaps the most intellectual, certainly the most famous of all our patients, was a well-known barrister, who, from sheer overwork and nervousness had become a prey of a curious hallucination. Imagine a gentleman mounting a chair the moment he entered a room and bursting into tears if he failed to touch the ceiling.

For the first three months he had no ceiling but the heavens, for he lived and slept on deck, his duties being to keep all the brasswork well polished. After we left Melbourne it grew so bitterly cold that he begged to be allowed to sleep below.

"You may try if you like," I said, "but remember if you look at—let alone touch—the ceiling, you'll have to go back." It then became a case of will power, and will power triumphed.

One of the few failures was an old lady who regularly every evening believed that she was a letter which had been written for dispatch by the night mail. After sticking a stamp on her forehead she used to get into the bed she had brought on board. She accounted for her presence in the morning by explaining that the relative to whom she had been dispatched had affixed a fresh stamp and reposted her.

AND STILL THEY COME.

In the course of a country ramble I chanced to stop and remark to a lad employed in keeping the crows off a cornfield:

"You'll have a fine field of corn there presently, lad."

To which he replied:

"Yes, sir; but I'm danged if it beant a 'ard job to keep them crows out. I shuts the gate and all that, but they still keeps on coming."

Mrs. Smith: "Mrs. Brown has had such an experience. Arrested for shop-lifting. All a mistake, of course."

Mr. Jones: "I suppose she must have been very much annoyed?"

Mrs. Smith: "Not at all. The papers all said she was 'of prepossessing appearance.'"

NEW WAY TO CLEAN WINDOWS.

A gentleman in the North gave his manservant some whisky the other day to mix with the whiting in cleaning the windows of the house. He was surprised that the man never dipped the cloth in the whisky, and on asking the delinquent sharply what had become of the spirits, he replied as follows:

"Ye see, yer honour, I drank it; but" (suiting the action to the word) "I blaw my breath on the glass, an' it's a' the same."

Infant Teacher: "Dickie Jones, you must stay in after school is over; you had your eyes open in prayer time."

Dickie Jones: "Please, miss, I only had one open."

Infant Teacher: "Well, you naughty boy, how came you to have one open?"

Dickie Jones (brightly): "Please, miss, to see if the other was shut."

DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO SIGN A BANK-NOTE?

A Useful Hint that May Save You Trouble.

P.W., in conversation with a bank manager the other day, discussing bank-notes, learnt that there was only one place where you might be perfectly secure in putting your signature to a bank-note, namely, at the back, exactly where the signature of the chief cashier is affixed, in the lower corner; for, after a note is returned and payment has been made by the bank, that corner is torn off and burnt while the rest is kept for reference. So your signature is consumed with that of the chief cashier.

"As you are aware," observed the official, "when you present a note for payment it is usual to ask you to write your name and address, with the date, on the back of the note, the object being to afford easy reference, in case the note was a wrong one, or perhaps stolen, by applying to you for particulars as to where you got it from.

"If you sign your name on the note leaving a white space above your signature it is quite possible—I don't say probable—for a sharper to insert words or figures above it, as, for instance, an I. O. U., and though it might appear a palpable forgery you would be put to the trouble of proving that it was so.

"To baulk the possibility of success in such an attempt some people take the precaution when paying in notes, or using them in ordinary commercial transactions, to stamp their names on the note with an ordinary rubber stamp.

"That so far is a good rule, as in a court of law such a signature would not be accepted as evidence; at any rate, it could be disputed.

"Others, again, for the same reason write very close to the edge, making it an impossibility for anything to be written above the signature. That, again, is an excellent plan, but there is one little item which these good people seem to overlook, and it is that the note may be a stolen one, in which case, whether you stamp your name or write it close to the edge, it would avail you nothing, and you would have to make good the value of that note, the interpretation of the law being that the last known possessor of a stolen note must pay over the amount to the person from whom the note was stolen.

"Therefore, if you do not wish to leave any trace of your identity, sign your name always at the back just over the signature of the chief cashier, and take your chance of people writing any incriminating words over your signature.

"The thing to guard against is the possibility of the note being stolen, which, if due notice be not given before the note reaches the bank, you will not be troubled about, for the very good reason I have mentioned."

"HAVE YOU GOT THAT TEN POUND NOTE?"

Whether you have or not, sign the Coupon any way.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** to the extent of **£2,000**—not for one only. **£2,000** specially guaranteed by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 38 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their persons. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act." 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 24 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Now that the evenings are getting longer, buy HOME NOTES and go in for its competitions. They are easy, and the prizes are really handsome.

Lock-jaw Through the Feet.

ONE of the things that strike you most forcibly in Cuba is the great care which people take of the feet. On that island, as elsewhere, parents allow their offspring to run about with very little clothing, and in some instances with none at all; but you never see anyone, big or little, going barefoot. However scantily clad a child or an adult may be, they never fail to put on a pair of slippers.

There is a good reason for this, especially in Havana and other towns. The streets as a rule are permeated with the filth of many generations and simply swarm with the bacilli of various diseases.

Among these micro-organisms is the germ of lock-jaw or tetanus, which flourishes in a most virulent form. Lock-jaw is a fairly common complaint in Cuba, and hard experience has taught the natives and whites to take the greatest precautions against it.

A cut or an abrasure on the foot is practically an invitation to the lock-jaw germ to enter your system, with the result that you will probably die if you are a native, and will suffer a great deal of agony, at the very least, if you are an emigrant.

To avoid this, you look after your feet, and, if you are wise, you put on slippers or boots as soon as you take your feet from beneath the protecting bed clothes, and keep them on until you return to your bed at night.

There is another reason for taking care of your feet in Havanna. Stone floors are common in that town, and as they are very cold, you are likely to get an attack of scintica, or some kindred and equally unpleasant complaint if you walk about without your slippers. In the streets the flagstones are very hot; to walk barefoot on those would be decidedly uncomfortable, to say nothing of the other danger, so the poorer classes wear shoes with soles made of rope. Just imagine walking with bare feet on the scorching flags and then treading on the cold stone floors of the houses!

One very important thing to be remembered, therefore, if you go to Cuba is, never to walk about without slippers.

The End of the Joke.

A YOUNG mason, who had been working away from home for six months, arrived in his native town and dropped in at a friend's house on his way to see his mother. The friend's son was a soldier at home on furlough.

"Tell you what, Jack," said the mason to the soldier, "lend me your uniform for an hour and I'll give mother a fright. She'll think I've 'listed."

The soldier readily agreed to aid and abet his friend in scaring the latter's poor old mother, and they exchanged clothes.

The mason, clad in the regimentals, strode gleefully towards his mother's house, but a suspicious constable asked him to show his pass, and on his failing to do so, promptly arrested him, in spite of his explanations and protestations.

After a couple of hours' detention the police satisfied themselves of the truth of his story, and he was released and returned to his friend's house to get his own clothes. But the soldier had gone on the spree and had his pocket picked of the mason's six months' savings.

THE world seemed gloomy; his heart was sad
When he got on the 'bus, but ere
He left it the world was right—he was glad—
The conductor forgot his fare.

THE Chinese bicycle manufacturers cannot compare with ours.

Didn't Lord Tennyson say: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay?"

"DOES hanging prevent murder?" is a question which agitates the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Yes, it does. Cases are very rare where a man commits murder after he has been hanged once or twice.

RESULT OF "SECOND QUERY" COMPETITION.

No competitor sent in a correct list in this competition, but MR. R. M. BROWN, of 27 Claremont Road, Highgate, N., had only one mistake; the first prize of £100 has, therefore, been sent to him.

Second Prize: £25 to S. B. Perrett, 17 Somerset Street, Kingsdown, Bristol, who had two mistakes.

Third and Fourth prizes have been divided among the following:

Mrs. P. Smith, 17 Princes Street, Govan, Glasgow.
Mrs. Hackett, 69 Priory Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.
G. Millar, Grove Mount, Davenham.
Mrs. M. Perrett, 17 Somerset Street, Kingsdown, Bristol.
F. Barrett, Petteril Bridge Terrace, Carlisle.
G. A. Boyes, do. do.
A. Boyes do. do.
T. Boyes, do. do.
A. Barrett, do. do.
W. Barrett, do. do.
D. McFarlane, 65 Lancaster Road, Stroud Green.
Amy Burgess, 2 Lilford Road, Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell S.E.
T. F. Crellin, 25 Askew Road, Shepherd's Bush.
H. J. Crellin, do. do.
W. Fryer, 61 New Clive Road, Park Road, W. Dulwich.
Ada Corbishley, The Elms, Shaw Heath, Stockport.
Annie Corbishley, do. do.
L. Brooks, 37 London Road, Davenham, Northwich, Cheshire.
A. B. Lee, 160 Shaw Heath, Stockport.
W. C. Lee, do. do.
Jas. Lee, do. do.

Lists of the solutions can be obtained on application to this office.

£3,350 IN CASH PRIZES.

THE LAST COMPETITION THAT WILL EVER BE HELD.

FINAL CLOSING.—No Further Advertisements of either will appear again. If you do not Compete Now you may lose £100 Cash. The Offer will NEVER BE REPEATED.

In the first place make up the best sentence you can out of eight words, each word commencing with a letter of *"VICTORIA."* Thus for example: "Valuable Information Comes Through Our Roberts in Africa." You can cut out and use the following form if you like.

Be sure and mark envelope, left-hand top corner, "Pearson's Weekly," and forward to A.B. Cycle Co. Ltd., 59, 60, 67, and 69 Chancery Lane, Holborn.

ONE PENNY STAMPS.

I* _____ of† _____

hereby declare that the sentence below is the only one I have sent in for this competition.

V	I	C	T
O	R	I	A

COMPETITION CLOSES ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1900.

* State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. † Full address to insure result reaching you.

We will give you full details of the above cash prizes, in which there is nothing to pay for any prize, and where every competitor is a Cash Prize-winner, when we send you the result of this Competition, in which for the best solution we offer:—

A £23 A.B. CYCLE FREE

AND FURTHER PRIZES OF

2nd Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for £9
3rd Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for £10
4th Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for £11
5th Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for £12
6th Class Prizes—£23 Cycle for £13
Consolation Prizes—£23 Cycle for £14

56 CYCLES HAVE BEEN WON FREE OF COST. Full Names and Addresses can be had on application.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Competition is NOW OPEN, and CLOSES on SATURDAY, SEPT. 29th, 1900.

Enclose two penny stamps for postage of Result of Competition. As so few are able to call and inspect the machines, we guarantee to refund the full amount paid for any prize if the owner is not perfectly satisfied with it on arrival. Results will be declared as soon as possible. Prizes unclaimed in a week or ten days are passed on to next winner in rotation.

£100 IF you can purchase our cheapest machine, brand new, from us, or an agent, dealer, shipper, or factor, can buy one, for less than Fifteen Sovereigns, we will promptly hand you a Hundred Pound Bank of England Note.

Send your reply to the Managing Director, Marking your Envelope, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY,"

A.B. CYCLE CO. Ltd., 59, 60, 67, 68 & 69 CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

The strongest, purest stock. "LEMCO" The genuine Liebig Company's Extract.

For tasty Soups—There's "LEMCO" The genuine Liebig Company's Extract.

Call it "LEMCO" The genuine Liebig Company's Extract.

Makes Meat go further. Makes Soups taste richer. "LEMCO" The genuine Liebig Company's Extract.

Do not forget "LEMCO" Best name for the genuine LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Stale Cake, with the addition of a thin custard, makes an excellent boiled pudding. Serve sweet sauce with this.

When Stewing Pears, to every dozen add the rind of a lemon, cut thin, with half the juice; also a small stick of cinnamon.

To Clean Silk. Save the water that potatoes have been boiled in, strain it through a thick cloth and use it for sponging the soiled parts of the silk. (*Reply to* LILY OF THE VALLEY.)

Buy Your Currants Now. There will be a great scarcity of them at Christmas. Owing to a terrible blight, the crop in Greece will be about one-seventh of the ordinary amount. This fact will probably make currants about eighteenpence a pound in December, which will be rather an expensive item to the housewife who wants a Christmas pudding.

Treat Cabbage thus and you will be delighted with the dish. Take a good sized cabbage and cut out the heart. Chop some cold veal finely, mix it with herbs and breadcrumbs, season it with pepper and salt, and bind together with a beaten egg. Fill the cavity in the cabbage with the stuffing, tie the cabbage firmly together and boil for two hours. Serve with crumbs scattered over, and good gravy poured round.

Buy Honey now for the winter's use. Those who live in the country should know the medical value of honey; and the dwellers in towns will speedily find how useful it is in cases of catarrh or sore throat, if taken constantly. Honey mixed with borax is an excellent remedy for sore mouth, with which most babies are troubled. Barley water mixed with lemon juice and sweetened with honey will be found most soothing to a cough if taken warm.

Have Flannelette Bags Made to Fit your Sweeping Brooms. A string should be run in each and tied round the handle of the broom. Thus covered the broom will be found very useful for wiping down walls, high wardrobes, and also polished floors. The bags may be easily washed out and dried before use. This covering will be found very superior to the ordinary duster which one sees occasionally tied over the broom head. Linen is often used for these covers, but is not equal to flannelette.

This Vegetable Marrow Preserve is what you should make, I have used the recipe for years with success. When the marrows are perfectly ripe, cut them and put in a dry place for a few weeks, so that the sap will dry out of them. Peel the marrow thickly and take away the seeds. To every six pounds of pulp, cut into squares an inch thick, allow five pounds of sugar and two sliced lemons. Let these ingredients stand for twenty-four hours. Then set in a preserving pan, with two ounces of bruised ginger and one drachm of chillies, tied into a piece of muslin. After one hour's cooking, take out the "spices" and boil the rest slowly till all is clear, stirring frequently. Then set in pots for use. (*Reply to* LANGSIDE.)

Have You Commenced Your Flannelette Underclothing? The making of it, I mean, not the wearing, for the state of the thermometer, rather than the season, will influence that. As a matter of fact, most people at this time of year are at work on their winter lingerie, so the pattern of a simple nightdress that is being given away with HOME NOTES this week should be most acceptable. Flannelette is not as easy to make up as nainsook, for, being rather bulky, it will not admit of tucks, and feather-stitching hardly gives an effect commensurate with the amount of work it entails. At the back, the nightgown in question is made with a yoke. This is, however, entirely concealed by the rounded collar, which, in common with the turn-back cuffs, is trimmed with coarse torchon lace, lattice fashion. A similar trimming edges both collar and cuffs.

Dress Bodices should never be hung in a wardrobe, but folded and laid carefully away in drawers or shelves.

To Prevent Jam and Preserves from Graining, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar may be added to every gallon of jam while it is still hot. (*Reply to* MARGUERITE.)

If Stockings are Washed Before Wearing they last in good condition far longer. It is a good plan also to change one's stockings at least twice a week, for if worn too long they go into holes when washed.

To Pickle Onions soak the onions in salt and water for a week, when you should drain them and peel with a bone or silver knife. Then put into more salt and water for another week. After which wash them clean, and stand all night in cold water. In the morning dry the onions on a cloth thoroughly. Arrange in jars and pour over enough hot spiced vinegar to cover them. Cork tightly and cover with bladder. (*Reply to* SUDLEY.)

Mutton Fritters and Roast Tomatoes is a useful way of using up the remains of a leg of mutton. Cut the meat in fingers. Flavour with salad oil, with onion juice and pepper. Brush over the meat with this. Mix a pinch of allspice with a beaten egg, dip the fritters into this, then shake them in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat till a golden brown colour. Drain, and serve very hot. Serve with a border of roast tomatoes.

Are Nuts Wholesome? This question is constantly being asked of me, and the common answer is in the negative; but that is due more to the manner in which they are eaten than the nuts themselves. The substance of the nut is so hard and firm that unless properly masticated it is apt to go into the stomach in large lumps, which are difficult for the gastric juices to dissolve. Nuts are quite wholesome if eaten with bread, for then they are sure of proper mastication. Nut sandwiches are very good.

A Good Complexion never goes with a bad diet, so it is far better to seek the error in one's food than to apply washes, salve, etc., to the skin. Strong coffee, new bread, highly spiced soups, and hot drinks are all damaging to its beauty. If strong tea is drunk daily in any quantity it will, after a time, give the skin almost the colour and look of leather. Tea that is made and drunk at once is not thus destructive, for the tannin in it has not dissolved. Coffee affects the skin less, but the nerves more, and there is no doubt that a healthy nervous system is necessary to beauty.

Apples in Syrup. Pare, core, and quarter some large, acid apples, and make a syrup of a quart of water to a pound of sugar. Weigh the apples, and allow a pound of fruit to half a pint of syrup. When the syrup is hot, drop the apples in, cooking a few at a time. Stand jars in a pan of boiling water on the stove, remove the apples from the syrup, and place in the jars. When all the apples are cooked, fill up the jars with syrup, and tie over with bladders. This process is so simple and quick that by having two pans of syrup in use a large quantity of apples can be done in a short time. A little lemon peel may be boiled in the syrup, and a few cloves. (*Reply to* PHONCON.)

Varnished Wall-paper has many advantages, and especially in a dirty, smoky town, for it can be washed with soap and water and be perfectly clean without any expense. For passages, bathrooms, and children's rooms I strongly advise varnished paper or painted walls; the former is especially durable, and if the varnish gets shabby another coat may be applied. After a case of infectious illness in a house where expenses have to be considered, one fully appreciates a varnished room. The walls once washed with proper disinfectants, the great expense of re-papering is saved. The first outlay in this treatment of the walls is decidedly heavy, but I always consider that it yields excellent interest, especially in a town. (*Reply to* M. P.)

Pickled Cabbage is prepared as follows: Tear off the outer leaves from a good fresh red cabbage and quarter it, remove the stalks and cut the cabbage into slices about one-third of an inch in thickness. Place the sliced cabbage in a basin, and strew a couple of handfuls of salt amongst it. Let the cabbage stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it once or twice and drain it as dry as possible. Place the cabbage loosely in a jar and fill up with good pickling vinegar. The vinegar should be poured cold on the cabbage, which will then be crisp, and keep a good colour. To prepare the vinegar, boil it with plenty of spices and whole pepper. (*Reply to* WILLIAM S.)

Isobel

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

So many small investors have written regarding the yields on the more important Home Railway stocks that it is well to devote a paragraph to the subject. But one must point out that there is reason to believe that in many cases last half year's dividends will not be maintained, so the undermentioned facts must by no means be taken as advice to buy Home Railway Ordinary stocks. They are merely set forth for a number of readers who either already hold securities of this class or have made up their minds to invest irrespective of advice set forth in this column.

ON the basis of the dividend declaration for the June half year, the Great Eastern Stock at 104 yields just about 3½ per cent., the North Eastern at 163 yields just about 4 per cent., Midland Deferred at 75½ yields 4 per cent., Brighton A at 135½ over 3 7/16 per cent., Great Westerns at 144 about the same as Brighton A, Great Northern Deferred at 41½ just under 4 per cent., and Great Northern A stock at 39 about 4½ per cent. The prices at which these calculations are deduced are carefully set forth, so that if quotations have altered by the time this is in print, readers will be able to modify accordingly.

Two matters must be borne in mind by small investors who wish to continue to receive advice from *Pearson's Weekly*. Firstly, the INVESTMENT EDITOR does not accept fees of any kind. A mass of correspondence has to be dealt with every week, and it is a nuisance to be constantly sending back Postal Orders from too generous readers. It is also more satisfactory that those seeking personal advice should send their real name and address, in addition to a *nom de plume*. Of course, the former would be treated in strict confidence, but it is necessary to receive some guarantee of good faith. Only the other day a gentleman professing to be in great difficulty in the matter asked for a full list of securities suitable for £2,000 to yield about 4 per cent, and upwards. Considerable trouble was involved in helping the gentleman out of his difficulty. It has since transpired that the question was not asked in good faith and the name sent was not genuine.

BUT there is no reason why other small investors should not have the benefit of the advice prepared for this undeserving individual. Many of the shares mentioned have already been recommended in *Pearson's Weekly*, but among the others small investors may with advantage study the merits of R. and J. Hill 4 per cent. Debenture stock at 103, English Sewing Cotton 5 per. cent. Cumulative Preference shares at 22s., Lipton Limited 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares at 1 3-16, and Egyptian Government 4 per cent. Irrigation Trust Certificates at 102.

SMALL investors are constantly asking for guide books on the subject of stocks and shares. In such cases the best course is to write to Messrs. Effingham Wilson and Coy, Royal Exchange, E.C. The firm publishes every class of financial work and can readily supply the best and cheapest book suitable to the needs of the applicant.

LAST week attention was drawn to the prospectus of Hope Brothers Limited. Since then another interesting industrial issue has been made. This is the Millom and Askam Hematite Iron Company, which is certainly an interesting example of what can be done by perseverance and good management. There is little exaggeration in saying that a few years ago the business was on its last legs, whilst now, in a detailed and clearly set forth prospectus, the directors are able to show expanding profits, ample security for the preference and debenture dividends, and a margin of considerably over 15 per cent. for the ordinary shares.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

"Anxious."—We do not recommend the association.——"Craylink."—We will inquire.——C. M.—West Kent Coal shares are too speculative for your purpose.——Delta (Birmingham).—Caledonian Insurance is a good office.——A. H.—It would be foolish to throw away the certificate. At the moment it is not of value.——"Puncture" (Fife).—There seems to be far too much allowed for goodwill, and the stocks in hand are only certified by the managers. The assets side of the balance sheet altogether unsatisfactory.——T. (Tees).—The company is very speculative, but may turn out a success.——W. J. P. (Goole).—Have nothing to do with these people.——"Stocks."—We certainly do not recommend Kynnaston's accumulative system.——"Rustic."—The reference was to certain associations who offer 10 per cent. on deposits.——A. C. (Liverpool).—We do not recommend the associations' system.——"Godber."—Better hold Liptons, Salmon and Gluckstein, Welsbachs, Brush Electrical, Willoughbys, Kleinlontein Centrals, and Oceanas for the present; but sell Barnum and Baileys.——J. H. M. (Dundee) will find an answer in "Hints to Small Investors."——H. H.—Your bank is a good medium.——P. G. (Dublin).—We do not recommend this "bank."——George (Dublin).—The shares are scarcely worth a few shillings. You should not deal with these advertising brokers.——"Insurer."—Both are good offices.——"Preference."—The shares you mention should be held.——E. V.—Cannot do better than the Birkbeck.——"Premium."—It is quite legal.——"Anxious."—The society is sound.——W. R. D.—They are not members of the Stock Exchange.——J. M.—No.——H. D.—We think well of Mysores and Nundydroops.——A. L. E.—Do not buy Le Roi No. 2 shares.——"Patrick," of Dublin.—They are quoted at 1s. 6d. premium.——"Dabbler."—No.——"Cycle Shares."—They have no value.——J. E. K.—You can obtain a list from the secretary.——"Alpha."—Yes.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Curiosity Shop	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

1900. JULY.						
S	1	8	15	22	29	
M	2	9	16	23	30	
T	3	10	17	24	31	
W	4	11	18	25		
T	5	12	19	26		
F	6	13	20	27		
S	7	14	21	28		

AUGUST.						
S		5	12	19	26	
M		6	13	20	27	
T		7	14	21	28	
W	1	8	15	22	29	
T	2	9	16	23	30	
F	3	10	17	24	31	
S	4	11	18	25		

SEPTEMBER.						
S	2	9	16	23	30	
M	3	10	17	24		
T	4	11	18	25		
W	5	12	19	26		
T	6	13	20	27		
F	7	14	21	28		
S	1	8	15	22	29	

OCTOBER.						
S		7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29	
T	2	9	16	23	30	
W	3	10	17	24	31	
T	4	11	18	25		
F	5	12	19	26		
S	6	13	20	27		

NOVEMBER.						
S		4	11	18	25	
M		5	12	19	26	
T		6	13	20	27	
W		7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29	
F	2	9	16	23	30	
S	3	10	17	24		

DECEMBER.						
S	2	9	16	23	30	
M	3	10	17	24	31	
T	4	11	18	25		
W	5	12	19	26		
T	6	13	20	27		
F	7	14	21	28		
S	1	8	15	22	29	

1901. JAN.						
S		6	13	20	27	
M		7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29	
W	2	9	16	23	30	
T	3	10	17	24	31	
F	4	11	18	25		
S	5	12	19	26		

FEBRUARY.						
S	3	10	17	24		
M	4	11	18	25		
T	5	12	19	26		
W	6	13	20	27		
T	7	14	21	28		
F	1	8	15	22		
S	2	9	16	23		

"An Attack of Measles

usually leaves something behind, and in this case the weak point was the throat."

FRANK SMITH.
(From a photograph.)

In this case it was an attack of measles, which left weakness behind it. Sometimes it is measles, and again it is an ordinary cough or cold, but, whatever the ailment is, weakness is almost sure to follow. It is this point which we repeatedly emphasize, viz., that the weak condition of the system is often to be much more feared than anything else. In fact, this point is emphasized in the following letter:

"53 King John Street,
"Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
"March 6th, 1899.

"Gentlemen,—In view of the benefit my son has derived from the use of Scott's Emulsion, I desire to give you an account of his trouble, in the hope that the perusal of the same may draw the attention of others similarly situated to the beneficial effects accruing from its use. An attack of measles usually leaves something behind, and in this case the weak point was the throat. The slightest cold—to which he was very susceptible—produced sore throat and swelling just below the ear. Generally, it passed away shortly, but a more severe cold than usual resulted in a swelling which could not be beaten back, and finally had to be lanced. The matter continued running for some time. He lost his appetite, continually complained of being tired, and had a white, pasty look. The doctor attributed his trouble to weakness and recommended cod-liver oil. Plain oil was an impossibility with him, and some emulsions I tried were nearly as bad. A pamphlet coming into my hands prompted me to write for a sample of your Scott's Emulsion, and the avidity with which it was taken decided me to continue it. The result was a revelation. Most quickly noticeable was its effect on the appetite. By the time the first bottle was consumed, it had improved conspicuously, and he took his food with evident relish. Continuing the treatment, his weary, listless air vanished, and he ceased to complain of being tired. The pasty look disappeared, and a ruddy appearance took its place. He now enjoys excellent health. A resulting feature is his remarkable immunity from colds. Previously he was scarcely ever free, but since taking Scott's Emulsion trouble from this source is practically nil. When nourishing diet has to be given to a child, it counts for something that it should be palatable, and I found the difficulty was, not to get him to take it, but to be content with the regulation dose. You are at liberty to use this letter as you think fit, and anyone who by its perusal is induced to give Scott's Emulsion a trial will, I am sure, be glad it came under their observation.—I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

(Signed) "R. SMITH."

So you see that the doctor attributed the trouble to weakness, and recommended cod-liver oil. If everybody knew the advantages of Scott's Emulsion over plain cod-liver oil, there would hardly be enough Scott's Emulsion to go round. It is a scientific and well-established fact, that more actual benefit is derived from Scott's Emulsion than any other form in which cod-liver oil can be taken. This preparation comprises also the hypo-phosphites of lime and soda, and glycerine. It really takes a physician to understand the advantages of this combination, although anybody can quickly see practical results by taking Scott's Emulsion. The very popularity and success of this standard remedy is convincing.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott and Bowne, Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

A 3/6 SHIRT FREE

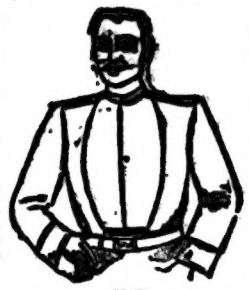
TO ALL PURCHASERS OF A PAIR OF

7/6 TROUSERS TO MEASURE.

DISTANCE NO OBJECT.

Commencing on Sept. 15th, and Terminating on Sept. 27th.

We will Present Free of any extra charge whatever, to every purchaser of a pair of our 7/6 Trousers or higher price in West-End Tweeds, Cashmeres, Serges, or any material, either a 3/6 Linen-fitted White Shirt or a 3/6 Woollen Shirt.



Our Trousers at 7/6 have stood the test of time, and are unbeaten by any other house at 10/6. If resident in the country or unable to call, write for post-free patterns and simple self-measurement chart, post free to any address, and measure yourself. Patterns need not be returned.

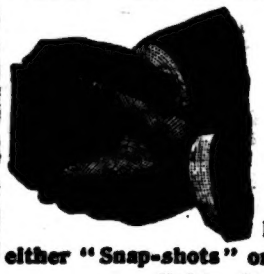
Sept. 27th the Last Day.

DISTANCE NO OBJECT.

NOW, or Not at All.

W. THOMPSON BROS., TAILORS, LTD., 3 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
(Corner of Charing Cross Road.) Hours, 9 to 8. Saturdays to 6 p.m.
And at 30 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

AN EFFICIENT FILM CAMERA



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PRICE, COMPLETE WITH HANDBOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, ONLY 5s.

Stocked by all photographic dealers, or of

KODAK LIMITED, 43 CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.,
96 Bold Street, Liverpool; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford St., W.;
and 171-3 Regent Street, London, W.

Sulpholine Lotion.

For Clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

AGENTS WANTED

For the Sale of First-class Fountain Pens.
Special Terms to Reliable Agents.—THE STAR Stationery Co. Ltd., 24 Cursitor St., Chancery Lane, London, E.C.
Sample box free.

£20

Hairdressers Fitted up. Estimates Free.
Tobacconists commencing. See Illustrated Guide (200 pages), 2d. How to Open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000.
TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 188, Euston Road, London.
The Largest and Original House.
(20 years reputation.)
Manager: E. MYERS.

POST FREE FOUR STAMPS.

On the Modern Treatment

of Nervous Diseases and Exhaustion by Local Treatment.

Fully up to advanced ideas on the subject.

The MARSTON CO., 59 & 60 Chancery Lane, London.

The most nutritious delicacy. Manufactured solely of milk, sugar, and choicest Cocoa, Cailler's Chocolate does not create thirst. It is a boon to

TOURISTS, CYCLISTS, SPORTSMEN, &c.

Cailler's
THE GENUINE SWISS MILK
Chocolate

Made at the oldest-established Chocolate Manufactory in Switzerland.
The Largest Sale in the World.

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom:
ELLIS & CO.,
30 Sir Thomas St., Liverpool,
11 Bow Lane, London, E.C.

DRUNKENNESS

CURED. On receipt of stamped envelope a lady will gladly send free particulars of a simple remedy, which cured her husband (without his knowledge) of the craving for alcohol, to which he had been for many years a victim. Address, in confidence, MRS. TERRY, 46 Sternhold Avenue, Streatham Hill.

PILES having been CURED after years of terrible suffering, I will gladly send Copy of Cure FREE. Send addressed envelope. Rev. D. BUTCHER, The Elms, Cowley Road, Uxbridge.

FREE. FREE.

OUR £2 10s. REAL SILVER WATCH (with Chain) or A REAL GOLD RING Set with REAL DIAMONDS and other stones.

SEND NO MONEY.

NO MONEY REQUIRED. WE TRUST YOU.

We give you your choice of either of these handsome presents for selling NINE articles of Jewellery at 1/6 each. (Regular Price 2/6).

We do not want your money.

Just send us a stamped addressed envelope and say that you will either sell the jewellery or return it to us if you fail to sell it. On receiving your letter we will at once post you the jewellery.

When sold send us the 13/6 you have received for same and we will at once send you ABSOLUTELY FREE our £2 10s. Real Silver Watch with Chain, or the Gold Ring, whichever you desire.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for TEN years sent with each watch.

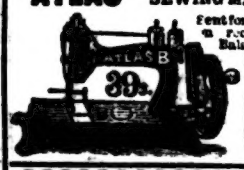
You can sell our Jewellery in a few minutes at 1/6 each article. We have thousands of testimonials as to the quality and value both of our Jewellery and Presents.

Send no money. Write to-day.
BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE (Dept. 43), 26 CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

HAIR DESTROYED

Permanently by using my Depilatory, the only effectual remedy known. It is harmless to the skin and painless in operation. Those ladies who have been disappointed with worthless preparations should give it a trial. By its use no one need suffer from the annoyance any longer. Easy to apply and guaranteed to—with one application—remove every Hair, and in a short time absolutely Destroy the Roots. Hundreds of Testimonials. Full particulars sent free on receipt of stamped envelope.—Address MRS. J. E. TERRY, 46 Sternhold Avenue, Streatham Hill.

"ATLAS" LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE 39s.



Sent for one month's trial on receipt of 5/- P.O. Balance can be paid 5/- monthly if desired. Write for List, Work, Samples. ATLAS MACHINE Co., 186b, High St., Camden Town; 63 Seven Sisters Road, N.; 14 High Road, Kilburn.

HAVE YOU ECZEMA?

or any form of Skin Disease? If you have, do go to your chemist or store, or send stamps or P.O. for 1/3 to the Antexema Co., 83 Castle Road, London, N.W., for a bottle of "ANTEXEMA." It gives immediate relief directly it is applied, and soon cures even the most obstinate cases.
A booklet on Skin Troubles is enclosed with each bottle.
All orders are sent securely packed free from observation.

As a safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Sores of all kinds, Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, we can with confidence recommend

Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and therefore is a real specific for Rheumatism and Gout. It has stood the test for 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

THE WEEKLY CROP.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

WITH so much space occupied on another page with information regarding the £10 scheme, I am afraid that some readers will feel that I ought, at least, to leave this page free from any remarks on the subject; but the matter is, obviously—judging from my correspondence—so uppermost in the minds of the majority of readers that I am sure they would like to hear about a few of the funny developments which have taken place. Every post during the past week has brought me several letters, of which the following are fair samples:

DEAR SIR,—Have you got it?

And oblige,
Yours truly,
G. H.

DEAR SIR,—My compliments. By the way have you seen this scheme? Kindly send your Sealed Envelope to,

Yours truly,
W. C.

SIR,—I see it is advertised about £10 Notes being given away. If you are doing so, will you please send me one? Serve all the readers alike. Please send me one in reply,

Yours truly,
J. D.

Each of these individuals incloses a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* under the impression that I, myself, have one of these famous Sealed Envelopes in my possession. Needless to say, I would be scarcely so foolish.

ANOTHER reader, who obviously thinks this way too, sends me a letter inclosing a stamped addressed envelope containing a copy of *P.W.*, and a registered envelope addressed to himself, asking me, if it isn't too much trouble, to forward envelope to one of the Ten-Pound men. Naturally I could not do this, as according to the conditions of the scheme it is necessary for you to show this copy of *P.W.* personally to the individual whom you think to be a Ten-Pound man.

So many ladies have written to deplore the fact that modesty forbids them approaching a man with a view to ascertaining whether he is in possession of a Sealed Envelope, that I have arranged to dispatch five ladies all over the country. You will read all about them on another page.

C. D. sends me a bucolic story from the meadows of Yorkshire. I have rarely read a more tragic romance of marital jealousy and its deadly results. I give it in his own simple and graphic language: "Two friends of ours keep fowls, each have one game-cock and six hens, and are situated at the opposite side of a ten-acre field, and during the summer months, until the farmer gets in his hay, the fowls have to be penned up. On the first day they were allowed to come out into the open field the cocks fought until parted. The second day Brown's cock thrashed Smith's, and took all the hens with him, and brought Smith's home at night, and the same thing took place on the third day. This was too much for Smith's cock. He stopped all day in the pen, sulking, until the hens came home at night and were closed up in the pen, when he set to and killed all the six hens. Then he got up the wire fence and pushed his head through one of the meshes, and hanged himself dead."

H. C. M. takes exception to a statement in one of the sporting pars in a recent number of *P.W.* as to the weight of the lightest jockey. The weight was given as 6st. 5lb. H. C. M. names one W. Lane, who won the Summer Selling Race at Hurst Park on August 25th, who scales only 2st. 4lb. Reiff, the American rival to Tod Sloan, weighs only 6st.

PRIVATE No. 5,787, at present of Rohilkund, India, wants me to confirm or otherwise deal with a story which obviously comes from America. It is to the effect that Lieutenant Hobson—the late darling of American womenkind, and the most kissed man on earth—once saved his ship in action by jumping overboard and turning aside a torpedo which was making straight for it.————I'm afraid that's a little steep, even for Lieutenant Hobson. The weight of a torpedo is three or four hunded pounds, and moves through the water at the rate of about thirty knots an hour, as fast as an average train. Granted that he caught the torpedo, he would not have time to push it aside before it got past him; and, of course, if he got in its way there'd be trouble, and very little Hobson left to kiss afterwards. The deed of daring which he did perform was sinking the *Merrimac* in the mouth of Santiago Harbour, with the intention of bottling up Cervera's fleet. This is what he got kissed for. The fact that the Spanish Fleet subsequently steamed out over the *Merrimac* made no difference to the daring of the act or to the number of the kisses.

THIS is a sample of the letters we are getting regarding those photograph enlargements: "I beg to acknowledge receipt, with many thanks, of your very nice enlargements of my late father and mother's *carte de visite*. They are in every respect speaking likenesses. To anyone desiring a pleasant memorial of friends, nothing could be more satisfactory than your admirable productions."

A. L. wants to know what a man on a bike ought to do when passing a lady of his acquaintance walking on the pavement?————It depends on how he can ride. A friend of mine once found himself in this situation and forgot that he hadn't learnt to steer with one hand. He had barely time to get his hat off before he thought an earthquake had hit him. That evening the remains of a bicycle were going cheap, and my friend was patching himself up with court-plaster. I regret to say the young lady laughed. Of course, if you can ride with one hand, the proper thing to do is to raise your hat in the usual way, unless the traffic is too embarrassing, in which case it is better to attend to your steering and apologise to the lady next time.

THE answer to G. R. G. with reference to honorary colonelcies is "No." The appointment is merely a compliment, and in the case of royalties simply an expression of international courtesy. When a Royal colonel happens to meet his regiment, he "inspects" it, and there his duties begin and end, with the exception of wearing a uniform. The real colonel does all the real work. I believe Peter the Great was the first foreign monarch to receive one of these appointments. The title apart from the compliment is of no use whatever.

BULL-PUP has received an advertisement of a dog show to be held at the Alexandra Palace on the 25th, 26th, and 27th, of this month, and it begins thus:

"Great championship Dog Show open to men and women."

This, if you please, is drawn up by the Ladies' Kennel Association. The question is: what are the men and women going to compete as? Is the show open to them as well as the doggies, and if so who is going to be the lady-judge? If he's a man he has my profoundest sympathies.

S. W. has been arguing with a friend as to the shape of an egg, and he was right in maintaining that it is not a perfect oval. In that case the outline ought always to form a perfect ellipse while it is held with its major axis, *i.e.*, its longest diameter, at right angles to the observer's eyes. No such egg has yet been found, as witness the famous dispute between the Big Endians and the Little Endians described by Dean Swift. Why this should be so is a matter which the domestic hen has not yet progressed far enough along the path of civilisation to be able to answer. She is probably the only person who could do it satisfactorily, and if she could I don't suppose it would matter very much. In further reply to S. W., I may say that a theoretically perfect circle has never been drawn, any more than a theoretically straight line. They are only mathematical abstractions represented to the human eye by more or less imperfect figures. But even a perfect circle would not help on the problem of perpetual motion, for not even a perfect circle could work miracles.

IT is well known that "*P.W.* won't wash clothes." It appears, however, that it is capable of preventing a cold, as thus: E. T. tells me that he and a friend got drenched to the skin the other day eight miles from home. They undressed, wrung their clothes out as well as they could, and in place of their under-vests made themselves vests of the pages of *P.W.*; then they put their other things on, and got home without taking cold. They were naturally pleased with the success of the experiment; in fact, their only trouble was what should they do if they met one of those men with the £10 note, and had to strip to show him the front page.

J. M. W. writes from far-away Moose-Jaw, in the North-West Territory, with reference to a paragraph in *P.W.* for July 14th about hawks following a train to catch birds that have been frightened by its passage. He is a fireman on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and tells me that in the prairies, where there are no trees, the hawks perch on the telegraph poles, waiting for birds which are killed in hundreds by flying up against the engine. Sometimes these hawks actually fly up against the headlight of the engine, and put it out by breaking the glass. Sometimes, too, the engine bags a wolf or a fox, or even a deer or two, while on the slow trains the men are accustomed to carry shot guns for the purpose of shooting game.

WITH reference to printer's errors in the Bible, I have had several communications, but a good many of them are beside the mark. The Bible naturally means the Bible as printed by a recognised authority, or, in other words, authorised versions. The printing of the Bible is a monopoly which in England belongs to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the Queen's printer for England. In Scotland the monopoly expired in 1839, and the issue of Bibles is now under the control of the Bible Board. Thus errors in privately printed Bibles are simply such errors as might be made in any book printed by a private firm. W. R. L. has, however, found a genuine error in the Authorised Version printed at the Oxford University Press. It occurs in the last verse of the second chapter of Zechariah, beginning, "Woe unto the *idol* shepherd," which obviously should be "idle." The pencil-case is on the way.

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